EASTER HOLIDAY NUMBER. 1D.

# SHORT STORIES

*Take up this paper with the right hand and gently revolve it, when you will see the circles going round.*

*Revolve in wider sweeps and the smaller circles will assume a fan shape, the large one remaining a circle.*

No. 691.) For Week Ending March 29th, 1902. (One Penny.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

**BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,**
**Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.**

**SALE OVER SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.**

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

*Prepared only by the Proprietor,*

**THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.**

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

"LET'S TALK OF GRAVES."
*Shakespeare.*

**BRITISH.**

That word "EXPRESS" on the dial of a watch is a guarantee that it is Pure British Manufacture throughout, and NOT a foreign-made movement in English Cases.

**J. G. GRAVES'**

is the only firm who can supply the "EXPRESS" English and the Lever, price is **£2 10s.**

This Standard British Timekeeper is sent on receipt of a deposit of 5s. You then test and examine it, and, if satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5s. each. If not satisfied, return the watch, and your deposit will be refunded.

THE LARGEST WATCH-SALES FIRM IN THE WORLD.

*Send for No. 1 Catalogue Post Free.*

Wanted Agents. Persons in regular employment should write for terms. Good Commission.

**J. G. GRAVES,** 69 Division St. SHEFFIELD.

**Mr. GEO. R. SIMS'**

# "TATCHO"

There's no end to the capabilities of "Tatcho," the supreme remedy for the hair and for the want of hair. Nature is capricious, and the best head of hair in the family to-day may be the most indifferent a month hence. On the other hand, with correct treatment the condition can be reversed. The hair or scalp can receive no better treatment than that provided by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery "Tatcho." To the Editor of the "Daily Mail," Mr. Sims said "Tatcho" worked wonders for him; it is working wonders for hundreds of thousands—it never fails.

**DISTRIBUTION OF ONE MILLION BOTTLES.**

**4/6 FULL-SIZE BOTTLE FOR 1/10 POST FREE.**

To secure one of these special trial bottles apply to your chemist or stores, or write to us mentioning "Short Stories." Post your letter to "TATCHO" Offices, 81 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, accompanied with postal order for 1s. 10d., and we will post to your address direct in plain package one of the special full-size 4s. 6d. bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.

"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s., in addition to the 4s. 6d. trial size for 1s. 10d. already referred to.

# SHORT STORIES

No. 691.] [ONE PENNY.

**For the Week Ending March 29th, 1902.**


**Thrilling New Serial.** **Start To-day.**

# LINK BY LINK.

## The Opening of the Story.

GERALD MORTIMER lives with his widowed mother and a small brother and sister at Moulstone Manor House. A great friend of his is Dr. Branksome, medical attendant at Moulstone Asylum. One night when Gerald is returning from a visit to the doctor, he is encountered by a wild looking woman, in a long blue cloak, who appears to be waiting about for someone. Gerald asks her if he can help her in any way. She refuses help and suddenly rushes away. Gerald starts to follow but loses all trace of her in a thick wood.

At breakfast the next morning, news reaches the Manor House that one of the asylum patients has escaped. Gerald at once thinks of the woman he met on the previous night, but learns that the missing person is a man.

Nina Penhurst, governess to the Mortimer children, meets Gerald in the garden, after he has been to the asylum to tell Dr. Branksome of his previous night's encounter, and learns further particulars of the missing patient from him. Gerald tells Nina that the man thought he had been cheated out of some property, and that his name was Anthony, not Felix Cordelvin.

Nina Penhurst looks up quickly as Gerald Mortimer utters the name. Then she makes as though to step forward and falls in a dead swoon.

In a back street in Whitechapel lives a broken-down doctor, Ephraim Manisty by name. The night after the escape from Moulstone Asylum, he is visited by a man giving the name of Causton, who offers him a fee of £1,000 to amputate the left arm of a friend of his at Streatham. Manisty consents and drives off with Causton. They do not notice that they are followed by a cab containing a woman in a dark blue cloak. She watches them enter the grounds of the house at Streatham.

When Manisty sees his patient, who is in charge of Causton's son, he finds that nothing is the matter with his left arm, but on Causton threatening to shoot him if he does not perform the operation he consents to do it.

A week later Nina Penhurst and her two young charges, Harold and Gladys Mortimer, are out for a walk, during which they visit the ruins of Moulstone Castle. While the children are playing, Gerald comes on the scene, and declares his love for Nina. She says she cannot accept it, but gives no reason. Just at this moment a cry of distress is heard from Harold. Gerald rushes to the spot, and there finds that the boy has discovered the dead body of a man dressed in Asylum clothes, with his left arm missing, it having been clumsily amputated.

The following day Gerald goes round to see Dr. Branksome, who tells him that he has received only that morning an anonymous letter containing £20 to pay for Felix Cordelvin's funeral. On seeing the letter Gerald finds that it is from Nina. Dr. Branksome's assistant comes in just at that moment to ask him to come and see one of the patients, and excusing himself to Gerald he goes out. Gerald at once gets possession of Nina's letter, and burns it.

In a house at Streatham, two men, Roderick Vanstone, who had passed under the name of Causton, and his son Stephen, are in conversation, from which it transpires that the elder Vanstone is the legal guardian of Nina Penhurst, who had lived with him for some time until his persecutions drove her away. Mark Cordelvin, a distant relative of Nina's who had adopted her, had an only son, Anthony, who was weak-minded, and to him Mark had left a life interest in his fortune, it having to go to Nina on Anthony's death. Owing to the latter's affliction, the care of the money was intrusted to Vanstone, who, taking advantage of Anthony's misfortune, was using it for his own ends.

On Gerald Mortimer's return from the asylum he suddenly resolves to go to London to find Nina, and takes with him her letter to his mother, and while strolling along the Embankment, he encounters the woman in the blue cloak. Thinking he may get some information from her he asks where she lives. Instead of replying she scatters a bag of sand in his eyes and makes off.

Inspector Trench is sent from Scotland Yard to Moulstone to investigate the murder of Cordelvin, and on asking to see the anonymous letter, which the local police told him had been received, he is informed by Branksome that it has been lost, but the envelope is found and this the Inspector takes away with him.

After Nina Penhurst left Moulstone she goes to stay with an old nurse of hers at Roehampton. One day while out sketching on Wimbledon Common she is confronted by Stephen Vanstone, who again professes his love for her, but she refuses to listen to him.

"Here, give me your hand," he says. "I'll make you listen to me."

"I refuse to listen to you!"

"You jade! I'll make you! Your hand, I say, your hand in true lover fashion."

He laughs a cruel hoarse laugh as he speaks, and forcibly seizes her hand. Then he grips her round the waist and with a sudden wrench he swings her round and drags her forward. Before her startled eyes lay the cold waters of the lake, then she feels her feet leave the ground and her body lifted up and swung twice backwards and forwards through the air. The rippling waters of the lake seems to pass out of sight, a fearful buzzing fills her ears, and then she knows no more.

*All rights reserved.*]

## CHAPTER XI.

### "Nina, You are Mine; Mine for Evermore!"

When, a few minutes later, Nina Penhurst opened her eyes, she gazed out upon the lake with a feeling of wonderment that she was not in its midst. The feeling, too, surprised her, that she was not in a drenched condition, for the belief that she had been thrown into the water, was strong upon her during her first moments of consciousness. Her sense of amazement changed somewhat as there stole into her mind the realisation that someone was with her still. She was being supported by an arm, an arm so strong, and oh! so gentle! And the owner of that arm was sprinkling her face with cold water. Her sense of wonderment deepened, deepened till a strange thrill shook her frame, and sent the blood once more into her pale face. A moment after, and she was conscious of a handsome face bending over her, and a pair of brave, manly eyes looking into hers. Infinite pity and infinite love they expressed, and in sheer self-defence she felt compelled to remove her gaze. Instinctively her lips shaped the question:

"Mr. Mortimer, you here?"

"Yes, Nina, it is I," Gerald returned, for he, indeed, it was, ignoring formality, and uttering his thoughts in respect to her name. "You are a little better?"

She struggled to her feet, he supporting her, and walked slowly to a seat near by, answering as she went:

"Yes, I am better now, much better; but I don't understand how it has all happened. Do you know that when I first came to I thought I was in the water? What has become of——" She hesitated a moment as she thought of Stephen Vanstone. "What has become of *him?*"

"A charge—a charge of what?" "Murder—the murder of Felix Cordelvin!"

"He has run away," Gerald replied, knitting his brow in a frown of suppressed anger. "I chanced to catch sight of the scoundrel just as he was apparently about to throw you into the water. I shouted, and he at once released you and ran for his life. I could not give chase, as I saw at a glance that you were unconscious. But now that you are better, tell me how it all occurred. Why did he attack you? The police must be informed."

A troubled look drifted into Nina's face. For a minute she was silent, struggling with herself. Then she said:

"No, no; let him go! he will not trouble me again."

There was supplication in her tone, violent distress in her face. Gerald felt he must defer his questions for a time.

"But I have forgotten," she suddenly broke out, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done? You came just in time. I might have been——." She glanced at the cold, rippling water and shuddered. "You have saved my life!"

Her heightened colour, and the look of gratitude in her beautiful eyes as she turned them full upon him, sent a thrill of pleasure through Gerald. A sudden impulse seized him—that impulse which in the past he had always checked save on one occasion. It was stronger upon him now than ever, and in his present over-wrought state he was powerless to resist it. He was at her side, close to her, bending down, in a moment.

"Nina, Nina"—his voice shook with emotion as he uttered her name—"why did you go away? Why did you leave us—leave me? You credit me with having saved your life. If I had really done so, your words and look would have repaid me a hundred-fold. If by the sacrifice of my life I could save yours, or add one whit of pleasure to it, I would go to my death with a smile of thankfulness upon my face. Oh, Nina! you do not realise the depth of my love for you. For the past days, since you left Moulstone, I have sought for you to tell you this. I have been in London for the past three days inquiring everywhere; and now I have found you, I want to ask you to be my wife!"

He had seized her hand by now, and was covering it with kisses. Useless for her to try and withdraw it, Nina turned her head away, her eyes filled with tears.

"You do not answer me, my darling," he said, trying in vain to steady his trembling voice. "Why did you go away from me?"

She forced back the lump in her throat.

"Do not ask me," she intreated, "do not ask, I beg of you!"

"But I must know—you must tell me."

"I cannot—I dare not!"

"Dare not? Nina, what is it you are saying?" His tones were of mingled passion and the gravest concern now. "Do you know *what* you are saying? What is it that you *dare* not tell to me—to me whose every thought is for you and your welfare? What dreadful secret can it be? I tell you I am your friend always—your slave if you will. Tell me your secret that I may share with you whatever suffering it involves. Nina, my darling——"

She raised a supplicating hand to interrupt his vehement speech.

"Don't say more, I beg of you," she said in a low, quavering tone. "You say you are my friend, and from my heart I believe you. But since you are my friend, I intreat you to withhold your inquiries."

"But I cannot!" he blurted out. "It is impossible. I have sought you out that I might help you. You do not seem to realise that others are looking for you, and that your very safety demands——"

"Mr. Mortimer!" Blank amazement was in her face now. "What do you mean? My safety? Others looking for me?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes, yes; forgive me if I pain you. But that letter—that anonymous letter to Dr. Branksome inclosing the twenty pounds. It was in your handwriting."

She flashed upon him a look of indignation.

"What of that?" she retorted. "Why is any such private action to be discussed by other people?"

Gerald opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment at the frank avowal which her words implied. The discussion was mystifying him; he did not know how to proceed for a minute. But within his heart was a feeling of a great, self-imposed task, unfulfilled. He felt he must pursue the subject at any cost.

"I tried to help you," he said quietly. "Dr. Branksome showed me your letter—he was ignorant as to whom it had come from. I watched my opportunity, and I stole it!"

Her expression of amazement grew.

"You stole my letter?" she said; "I do not understand.

Agony was writ plainly on Gerald's face now. His utter failure to make her understand the dreadful suspicion under which she was, was causing him the acutest distress. No use was it to beat about the bush. He must give out the truth point-blank.

"Nina!" he spoke gravely, but gently, "you say you do not understand. I will explain to you briefly. Your sudden disappearance from Moulstone is being connected with the murder of Felix Cordelvin. No; don't interrupt me, but hear me out, and believe that if I give you pain, it is best that you should know. Your disappearance has created certain terrible suspicions—utterly baseless, God knows they are—but they exist. They were merely idle village talk at first, based on the coincidence of time. But when that anonymous letter came, suspicion deepened. That was why I stole it. Ah! forgive me, and don't, pray don't misconstrue my mental state when I did it. I took it because, although a perfectly innocent document, yet in the hands of the police it might become a terrible weapon against you; my legal training told me that. But the theft was useless, for Dr. Branksome has written me that the police have possessed themselves of the envelope."

"Well," Nina Penhurst was strangely calm, "what of that?"

Gerald fixed his eyes upon the ground and answered clearly and deliberately:

"They may base upon it a charge against you."

"A charge—a charge of what?"

"Murder—the murder of Felix Cordelvin!"

For five seconds Nina Penhurst sat motionless, her face and body rigid, her eyes staring straight before her. Then the muscles of her beautiful face twitched spasmodically, her body seemed to collapse, and a second later she buried her face in her hands and burst into a violent torrent of tears.

The heart within Gerald's breast gave a great bound as he saw the result of his words. Grief of that sudden, heart-breaking kind was the surest sign of her absolute innocence. Had she been guilty—though, Heaven knew that, puzzled as he had been by past events, he had never for a moment sullied her memory with the slightest suspicion—she would have been indignant, would have repelled his words with withering scorn. And so even while she cried within two yards of him, her fragile form shaking with her sobs, he let her be, and rejoiced secretly.

Loving her with his whole soul as he did, however, he could not sit for long inactive. So it happened that presently he edged up to her, and with gentle action his left arm stole around her waist, while with his right hand he tenderly smoothed away the hair that caressed her forehead. His caressing action seemed to soothe her. Her sobs lessened in number and intensity. He bowed his head and placed his lips tenderly on her cheek. She, who had so emphatically repelled him before, and was as docile nd unresisting as a little child now.

Gerald scrutinised the man closely, there was something about him he did not like.

"Nina, my darling," he whispered gently, "be brave! Don't cry. No harm shall come to you."

His words and caresses were balm to her troubled spirit. Her head reclined now upon his shoulder. For the time she was happy.

But her sense of her position suddenly came back to her, and she started, disengaging herself from his embrace.

There was a hue as of a blush-rose upon her face now, and for a moment there danced in her eyes a look of ecstatic joy—that look which only a girl in love ever has. Then the look passed, a troubled expression supplanting it. Her lips formed for speech, and quivered:

"What have I done?" she murmured; "what have I done?"

Gerald looked upon her with a smile of infinite tenderness.

"You have made me the happiest man in the whole world," he replied softly.

Digitized by Google

A look of dismay came into her eyes. "I have done wrong," she said. "I ought never to have allowed myself —oh! why did you?"

Distress once more was in her face, her tone, her whole bearing.

"Nina, my love!" he exclaimed fervently, "don't, don't regret the past few minutes. You have uttered no word to me, but your eyes have told me plainly that you love me. Is it not so, my darling?" He took her in his arms as he spoke, and lowered his lips to hers. "Ah! now your lips have confirmed what your eyes had already told me. Nina, Nina, you are mine, mine for evermore." He clasped her to his breast again and again.

## CHAPTER XII.
### Trapped!

Gerald Mortimer sat alone in his chambers later that night. He knew everything now. Unable to withstand the powerfully persuasive force of his affection and tender solicitude, Nina Penhurst had opened her overburdened heart to him, and poured out her long-concealed secret.

She had told him the story of her young life, briefly, but without curtailment or omission of vital points. She had spoken of the time when, orphaned while yet of tender years, she had been taken into the house of her old relative, Mark Cordelvin, and upon his death under the guardianship of Roderick Vanstone. Of Anthony Cordelvin she had spoken, of his mental weakness, his antipathy to herself; of his ownership of the property during his lifetime. Then she had detailed the persecutions of Stephen Vanstone, who, despite her protestations, had persisted even up to that day, in thrusting upon her his altogether unwelcome attentions.

All these details Gerald Mortimer had listened to with the closest attention, now asking a question for the fuller understanding of an intricacy, now making a note of some important point for future reference.

"And now there is one thing more to tell you, Gerald, dear," she had said, "and that, perhaps, one of the most vital. I have told you already that Anthony Cordelvin is a distant cousin, and that he is not sane. Felix Cordelvin was also a distant cousin!"

Gerald had started from his chair in amazement.

"Felix Cordelvin!" he had echoed. "The murdered man?"

She had inclined her head affirmatively. "Yes, he was my cousin, a generation removed, it is true, but still my cousin; yet in all my life I had never seen him. In his youth he had gone to Australia with his sister, Ruth Cordelvin. He was wild and reckless then, so I have heard, and certain eccentricities of character which he possessed, were shared by his sister. I know but little of my few and distant relatives, the Cordelvin family seems to be dying out, but I know that mental weakness has shown itself in many directions. The fact has always been a menacing terror to me. I have thought and thought about it, till sometimes I almost fancied that my own brain might go some day. That indeed is the haunting idea of my life."

"That is your secret?"

"Yes; that is what I would have kept hidden from you—what sent me away from your house. Till that morning when the news of the escape came, I had not the slightest idea that Felix Cordelvin was in England. When I learnt from your lips the name of the poor, dead lunatic, all my fears returned with tenfold terror."

"That was why you fainted that day in the garden?"

"It was the juxtaposition of the two names, Anthony and Felix, that terrified me. Those two names, remember, had been indelibly impressed on my mind by constantly brooding over their owners' tendency to mental weakness.

"And now, Gerald," she had concluded, "I have told you my secret. My heart is lighter, but the burden of my secret still remains upon my mind. You have declared your love for me, and have wrung from me an avowal that it is reciprocated. But now that you know my history, now that you know the predisposition of my family to insanity, you will recognise the impossibility of our ever becoming more to one another than we are now."

"I shall recognise nothing of the kind," Gerald had struck in vehemently, and forthwith had smothered Nina with kisses. "I will not press you to marry me," he had added, "till this mystery of Felix Cordelvin has been elucidated, but after that, Nina darling, I shall ask you again."

It was over all these things that he was pondering as he sat later on that evening, in his chambers.

How simple and natural seemed the whole course of her conduct, now that he knew the motive which had actuated it. Her going away after he had declared his love for her; the strange, inexplicable letter to his mother; the anonymous letter to his friend Branksome; all these circumstances were clear as noonday now.

His first task must then be, to clear Nina's name of the black suspicion which had grown up around it. A talk with the police would quickly dispel all doubts regarding the innocence of Nina. Dr. Branksome had given him the name of the Scotland Yard officer who was in charge of the inquiry. He would see Inspector Trench at the very first opportunity. He would drop him a line now, and if the detective were in town, the interview might take place in the morning. Rising from his seat he walked across to his desk, took out writing materials, and indited a note to the inspector. It was quite short, merely half-a-dozen lines asking the officer to wire him where and when he might see him, and giving as a reason for the request that he had important information to impart to him in connection with the Moulstone murder. This note he inclosed in an envelope and addressed to Detective-Inspector John Trench, New Scotland Yard. The flap of the envelope was on his lips preparatory to sealing it, when suddenly there came a knock at his door, outside on the landing.

Who could it be? None of his friends knew that he was in town, and it was certainly too late for professional callers. The knock was repeated. He placed the sealed letter in his pocket and strode to the door.

A short, very thick-set man, muffled up to the chin by the collar of a long ulster, stood upon the threshold as he opened the door.

"Good-evening, sir," said the visitor, "sorry to disturb you, but are you Mr. Mortimer—Mr Gerald Mortimer?"

"Yes; that is my name. What do you want?"

"I've come from Miss Penhurst—leastwavs, from Mrs. Nainby, at whose house she lives. Miss Penhurst has been took ill, sir, mysteriously ill, so Mrs. Nainby says, and wants to see you at once."

Gerald's heart beat rapidly in his breast.

"Miss Penhurst taken ill? Why, she was quite well when I left her a few hours ago."

"Yes, sir, I know that. But after you'd gone she was took ill sudden like."

Gerald scrutinised the man closely. There was something about him that he did not like; some vague suspicion that all was not as it seemed. Yet, if Nina were ill he must not doubt, must not hesitate simply because of the unprepossessing appearance of the messenger. He spoke again:

"Why didn't Mrs. Nainby telegraph?" he asked.

"That's the very thing I said, sir," replied the man, "why not telegraft, I sez to Mrs Nainby. It'll be quicker, I sez, likewise cheaper. But the old lady wouldn't. She wouldn't trust the telegraft; something might go wrong, she said, and the poor old soul was that

Digitized by Google

worrited that I couldn't refuse to come when she asked me."

"Who are you?".

"Ned Stebbings is my name, sir," answered the man, as though quoting from a card; "jobbing gardener I am, by the hour or day; flowers, vegetables, and fruit, outdoors or under glass. I'm a neighbour o' Mrs. Nainby's, you see, sir, and she's bin kind to my missus, and I couldn't refuse to come for her, could I, sir?"

The man's naive garrulity quashed whatever suspicions Gerald had previously entertained.

"All right," he said, "I'll get my coat and hat and come with you at once."

"Right, sir, I've got a cab waitin' outside; the one I came in."

Together the two passed out of the house and made their exit from the Temple, by way of Middle Temple Lane, into the Strand.

"Here we are, sir," remarked Stebbings, indicating a four-wheeler standing close to the kerb; "after you, sir."

Gerald entered the cab. Stebbings gave some hasty instructions to the driver. The latter whipped up his horse, and the fly started.

Scarcely had it traversed a distance of fifty yards, when, all without warning, Gerald felt a tight grip of his throat. He threw up his hands to throw off his assailant, but ere he could put his intention into action, a heavy blow upon the side of his head dazed him. Something was clapped over his mouth, and in the few moments in which he combated his departing consciousness, he became dimly aware of a sweet odour filling his nostrils, his throat, his whole being. His arms dropped helplessly to his side, his head fell forward on his breast, and his whole frame collapsed on the seat of the carriage.

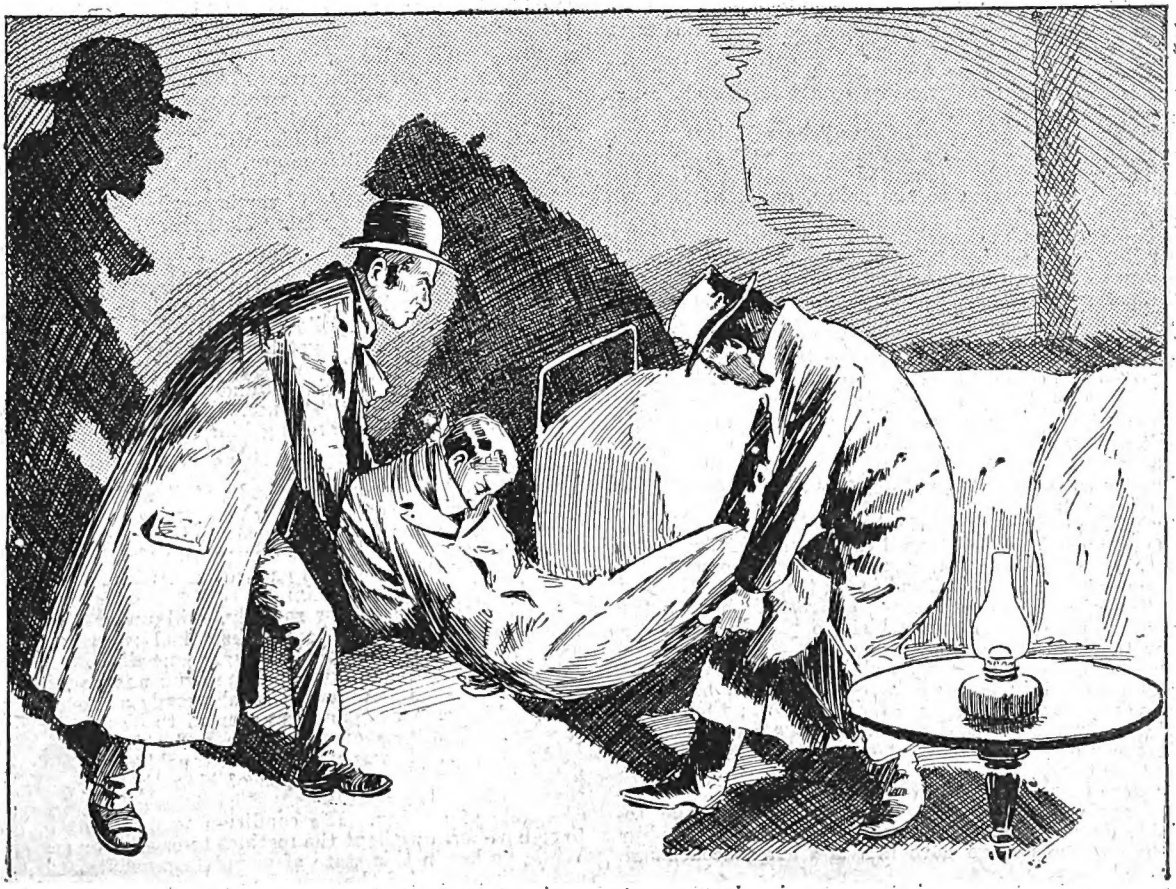
Then the man who had given his name as Ned Stebbings let down the window of the vehicle, thrust out his head towards the driver, whispered, "It's all right!" and the fly turned down a street to the left, towards the Embankment.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A Shriek in the Night.

After Stephen Vanstone, alarmed by the shout uttered by Gerald Mortimer, had dropped the unconscious form of Nina on the edge of the lake, he had, as Gerald himself had phrased it, "run for his life." Mortal fear was upon him as he beheld Nina's rescuer approaching, and it lent speed to his legs. The distance, however, that separated him from the other was considerable, and he was enabled to reach a grove of trees, and conceal himself among the thick, dead undergrowth, from the sight of Gerald. Having done which, he, for the first time, halted to recover his breath, and stared cautiously back.

From where he was crouching he could still see the



A rough bed had been prepared beforehand, and upon this he was laid, still gagged, and with his hands bound behind him.

Digitized by Google

spot by the lake-side which he had quitted, and he drew a deep breath of infinite relief, as he observed the limp form of the unconscious Nina, being supported by the arm of Gerald Mortimer. He was not being pursued then, nor would he be now. This reassuring reflection stayed the fluttering of his cowardly heart, and cried halt to his feeling of trepidation. Since his presence there among the undergrowth would be quite unsuspected, it might be worth while to stay and watch what would be the upshot of the encounter between Nina Penhurst and her rescuer. And if he were to stay, he might as well be within earshot as well as eyeshot, of the two on the bank.

Thus it happened that Stephen Vanstone, making a careful circuit, and creeping stealthily from bush to bush, contrived to get within quite a short distance of the two unsuspecting figures.

So long as they stayed he stayed, and not till he had become possessed of Gerald's name and his address in town, did he quit the task he had set himself of dogging his footsteps. Then, and then only, did he return to the house on Streatham Hill.

"I have had a busy day," he explained to his father, as he sat down to eat something. "I have seen your beauteous ward."

"Nina Penhurst—no!"

"I have—stumbled across her quite by accident on Wimbledon Common, and made love to her."

"H'm, and with what result?"

"With the result that I discovered she hates me more than ever," and the son gave to his father an account of everything that had taken place.

Roderick Vanstone listened intently during the recital. At the conclusion he rose from his chair and paced the room uneasily.

"You have been a fool, Steve," he said bluntly, "a great fool. Don't you see that in assaulting this girl you draw attention to yourself? Don't you see that she will give information to the police, and that you will be sought for?"

The other answered with an evil smile.

"No, I don't see it," he retorted; "I don't see it, because I happen to know she won't face the publicity of a police-court, I heard her refuse to give this lover of hers any information about me."

"Bah! what a child you are, Steve! Don't you know women well enough to realise that the request she refuses one moment she will grant—even unasked—the next. She will tell this Mortimer fellow all about you. He will inform the police, or if he doesn't do that will wait upon you with a hunting-crop."

Stephen Vanstone's shoulders gave an involuntary shudder as if he felt the sting of a whip already upon them.

"What am I to do, then?" he asked a little anxiously.

Once more his father paced the room before replying. Within his cunning brain was revolving the whole sequence of recent events, and in its train came the suggestion of a scheme for removing from their path this new and unexpected peril which he plainly saw would soon threaten them.

"I can't tell you how your childish folly has annoyed me," he said. "Such conduct is bound to bring the police upon us." He paused for a moment; then added quickly: "That must be avoided at any cost. This Mortimer fellow must be got out of the way before he has time to take steps. You have his address?"

"Here it is; I made a note of it."

"Very well, then. We must get hold of him to-night, do you hear. Stebbings must go and get him away. Burge can go with him and act as coachman. I'll contrive a tale."

The tale that was contrived we are already aware of. Stebbings and Burge (the two unscrupulous knaves in the employ of Roderick Vanstone) duly departed on their nefarious mission. For an hour or two after their departure the elder Vanstone sat thinking and talking the matter over with his son, planning the difficult future of this new development, impressing on his headstrong offspring the necessity of exercising the utmost care in the future.

"Providing Stebbings is successful to-night," he remarked, "we can manage to smooth over the obstacles which you have created to-day. This fellow Mortimer will remain in this house till future events guide me to a decision as to his ultimate fate. But remember that never, under any circumstances, must he see you."

"But what is to happen to him? Are you going to keep him here? Is he to remain here all his life?"

"I have already remarked," replied the elder man, "that future events must guide us as to his ultimate disposal. We cannot decide yet."

"It would be better to—put him out of the way."

"It may become necessary," returned Roderick Vanstone, "but till it is, we hold our hand."

"But you spoke just now of arousing the attention of the police," said the son; "won't the mysterious disappearance of Gerald Mortimer, barrister-at-law, do that more than any act of mine?"

The father darted at his son a look of cunning.

"Yes it will," he replied slowly and calmly; "but it won't draw the attention of the police to us. They will put a vastly different interpretation on Mortimer's disappearance."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"They will suspect that he has disappeared to save himself."

"To save himself? From what?"

"From a charge of murder! The murder of Felix Cordelvin! Do you hear, Steve, my boy—the murder of Felix Cordelvin? Ha! ha! ha! already local gossip at Moulstone has connected him with it. He found the body, you know, and there are vague rumours that he has stolen a letter connected with it."

Just then a low rattle of carriage wheels was heard outside, and a moment later Roderick Vanstone was hastening to open the door.

"Is that you, Stebbings? Everything right?"

"Yes, sir," whispered the man, "everything right as a trivet. He swallowed my tale, though he was a bit suspicious at first, and followed me like a lamb. I gave him a dose as soon as I got him into the carriage, sir. He's still unconscious."

"That's good; bring him in, and put him in the large room at the back of the house. You and Burge had better take turns in watching him to-night. I'll look after Mr. Cordelvin."

"Very good, sir."

Carefully the unconscious body of Gerald Mortimer was lifted from the cab. Then he was carried through the hall, and down the two or three stairs to the back of the house. A rough bed had been prepared beforehand, and upon this he was laid, still gagged, and with his hands bound with cord behind him.

He lay there, sleeping soundly, still under the influence of the drug. The watchers had retired to a room near by, finding their presence needless. Hour followed hour; the influence of the drug was gradually passing. His frame quivered involuntarily as he slept. Within his brain consciousness seemed to be slowly returning. His eyes opened again and stared glassily into vacancy. He was awake, yet incapable of receiving mental impressions. Conscious of himself, he was unconscious of his surroundings. His body was limp, inert, incapable of moving. His condition was as that of a babe new-born, without the instinct to cry out or move. While he lay in this state of complete passivity, there suddenly resounded through the house a strange, weird sound—half howl, half piercing shriek! Who had uttered it, and what did it mean?

Digitized by Google

*(To be continued.)*

# PIERRON'S GIFT.

## A Touching Instance of a Simple Shepherd's Devotion.

In the autumn, when the Pyrenees begin to wrap themselves in snow, the shepherds leave the mountains of Bearn with their shivering flocks, their lazy old donkeys and their shaggy dogs, say good-bye to their wives, kiss the little ones, and go singing away toward the plains of the Adour, where the pastures are always green and the sunshine always kind.

And toward St. Michael's the country folk of Landes see them coming lazily along, folded in their rough red capes, through the broad white roads shaded with dying plané trees.

The mountaineers enter into parley with the planters, and soon the flocks are feeding at will in the meadows, and their owners being housed and fed by the people of the valley, to whom is given in return a part of the milk, a pair of great woollen stockings for the master of the house, and a pair of knitted mittens for the mistress.

This lasts until the sowing of the grain early in May. Then the sheep begin to bleat strangely, the donkey brays impatiently, the dog gazes at the distant Pyrenees, and some fine morning, as the swallows are returning, the flocks instinctively take the road towards the blue peak of Ossau, back through the lovely white roads, where the plane-trees are flaunting their first fresh leaves.

Each parish in the valley has the same shepherds, who return to winter in the same farmhouses each autumn, perhaps a little more bent and a bit whiter, and sometimes the planter who has expected an old man will see a young fellow guiding the flock, who stares at him and tells him between two couplets of his song, that his father, the former shepherd, died "down there" on the mountain at St. Louis' or St. John's.

A pretty girl was busy shaking the chestnut tree which stood before a white house one day early in October, when she saw a large flock of sheep approaching, led by a sturdy donkey.

"He, beautiful lady!" shouted a little shepherd who was just visible behind the beast's ears. "Would you tell me how to find the farmhouse of La Ribere?"

"This is the place," answered the young girl.

"I might have known it. My flock took the road by themselves. Well, lady, I am Pierron, the son of your old shepherd, Mathias, who died on St. Lawrence's."

"Very well, Pierron, come this way. I will take you to my father."

Pierron was received in the farmhouse of La Ribère as his father had been, and the sheep began to graze in the familiar pastures, with the well-known horizon, off the same grass whose fragrance was so sweet to them.

He was a nice little fellow, this Pierron. He was small and dark and sang in a fresh voice, which the echoes seemed to love. He was not more than twenty, but he knew many interesting stories, which were very entertaining in the long winter evenings to the daughter of the farm, pretty Maria de la Ribère.

And Maria, a little creature, all smiles, whose eyes seemed soft as the light of the moon to the young men of the valley, loved to hear Pierron tell stories of the werewolf and sorceries and spells cast upon people through effigies. She loved to hear him praise the valley of the Ossau and the blue mountains, with their lace-like white tops, which he climbed in his childhood, and she loved still more the beautiful mittens he knit for her at Christmas, and the fat little lamb he gave her the day she was eighteen.

And it was with great sadness that Pierron discovered some tiny white flowers on a cherry tree one evening.

Spring came. The sheep began to bleat in the warm meadows where the daisies were in bloom. The donkey pricked up his ears and looked towards the peak of Ossau.

"May you be with God, Maria!" said Pierron in the fashion of the country, "I must go away again."

Maria bent her head a little and grew very pink.

Then Pierron took her fingers and looked down at the point of his sabots.

"Maria, if you have the same sentiments for me which I have for you, we can be married next spring. I love you very much, and I wish I could take you down there on the foot of that round mountain, where I have a good mother, who would love you too. We are not very rich, but"—here his voice lowered—"I can give a fortune to the person I love."

"Now, Pierron, how would you do that?" said Maria, raising her eyes.

"Well, I have an uncle who was as poor as we are once. He has bought a house now every year for twenty years, and nobody has ever been sick in his family. I know a servant of ours who never inherited anything and saved 20,000 francs in a few years, and his wife has the finest children in the country."

"What do you mean, Pierron?"

"Well, my uncle and this man of ours carry the sting of a snake, and it brings them good luck."

"That brings good luck—the sting of a snake?"

"Yes; the sting of a certain kind which I know about."

"Why don't you carry one?"

"Because to have good luck one must carry it without knowing it—some one else must put it in one's clothes. So my aunt hid the sting of a snake in my uncle's belt, and the wife of our servant slipped one of them into her husband's shirt. At our house on Sundays, when the men play tenpins or bowls for money, their wives put a sting in their pockets and pretend not to be doing anything at all, and if their husbands do not see them they always win."

Maria did not dare to smile at the little shepherd. She believed herself in a great many mysterious things of which the old country women had told her in whispers as they crossed themselves.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle Maria, if you will think about what I have said this summer?"

Digitized by Google

"I will think about it, Pierron."

The air was soft, the fields were full of robins, the apple trees were strewing the fresh young grass with flowers. The sheep, after some aimless manœuvring, ranged themselves in a column and went down the road of the plane-trees. Pierron was gone.

For a long time Maria stood motionless under the chestnut trees and saw the fading figure of the little shepherd turn round towards her. For a long time she could hear the bleating of the sheep, then she thought she saw the donkey's back upon the crest of the hill—then she saw only the dim blue mountains.

And when Pierron returned to La Ribère the next autumn the kindly glow in Maria's great eyes was there no longer.

Young girls in the valley, like young girls in the mountain, without doubt, sometimes admire a tall, strong fellow, who earns 200 francs a month in a large city more than a slip of a shepherd, whose only possessions are the stings of a snake in his belt. That is why Maria de la Ribère had promised her hand during the summer to a handsome countryman, the lucky Joseph de Tauzia, who was the coachman of a rich gentleman in Bordeaux, and who promised to take Maria to the city when they were married, Maria being previously bedecked with ribbons and jewellery of course.

Pierron's songs were sad that winter.

But the shepherd was a kindly sort of fellow, who never wished any one ill.

So he gave a pair of beautiful white mittens to Maria as he had the winter before, and some fine brown stockings to the farmer, and offered his fattest and curliest lamb to the young girl on her nineteenth birthday. He greeted the magnificent Joseph with respect—that elegant coachman of Bordeaux—when he came to pay court to his intended during the carnival, and Maria never heard an unkind word from the lips of the shepherd, nor saw a spark of malice in her old lover's eyes.

But Pierron had forgotten how to tell his entertaining stories of the winter before. He had forgotten how to enjoy the delicious chestnuts perfumed with a fig leaf, which Maria offered him with an indifferent hand as she offered them to every one else in the house. The shepherd watched the young girl from a distance without speaking a word, and if Maria surprised him he lowered his eyes, said "good night" to his host, then went to his bed beside the sheep in the barn, where he could hear the gentle breathing of the whole flock.

One day Maria came out into the field to speak with Pierron. The spring sun was warm. The poplar buds were bursting in the breeze. All the country folk were ploughing for the sowing time.

"Pierron, I am going to be married in three weeks, the first Thursday in May. If you wish to do me a pleasure, you will stay until the wedding, and be one of my bridesmen."

"Oh, many thanks, Mistress Maria," he stammered, "but I think I cannot stay so late. My sheep will feel the spring coming before your wedding, and when they wish to go I must follow them."

He did not go the next week, however, as he had told every one he would. Several times he packed his clothes and washed his donkey for the great journey, but he could not seem to leave. It was a sheep which fell ill or a lamb lost on the heaths, which must be found before he could return to the mountain. Little by little the days grew warmer. The first of the grasshoppers had begun to chirp. The locusts filled the bushes, and one day during a storm Pierron saw a long viper crawling by the edge of the brook. The wedding day had come.

* * * * *

"What are you doing there, you scamp?"

It was the coachman of Bordeaux, the splendid Joseph, all in black, who spoke this as he suddenly came upon Pierron in the bridal chamber on the wedding morning.

"Will you tell me what you are doing there?"

Pierron was caught. He quickly thrust something like a needlecase into his pocket and reddened as he looked at the bridegroom.

A cloak of Maria's was lying on a chair. The shepherd seemed to have been handling it, and stepped over quickly as if to hide it.

"Here, you rogue, will you get out of here?"

Joseph suspected the shepherd of some theft. Pierron saw the suspicion in the coachman's eyes.

"I have not been stealing," he cried, trembling. "I swear that I have not been stealing."

"What were you doing then? Answer me."

The little shepherd cast a look of reproach at Maria's *fiancé*.

"I want to know what you have been doing in this room?"

"I cannot tell," answered Pierron. "No, I cannot tell."

The coachman made a threatening move toward Pierron, who stood trembling and twisting his cap in his hand. Then he took him by the ear and sent him flying out with a savage kick.

"Get out of here, you rascal—you jail-bird!"

And Joseph lost no time in telling of the occurrence to his intended.

Maria was all in white. Her god-mother was finishing her toilet before a mirror. The bride was so lovely that the guests were standing speechless looking at her with their eyes and mouths wide open, as they would gaze at the sun. The wedding party was about to leave.

When Maria heard this story from the man who in an hour would be her husband, she went swiftly to her room. The wardrobe door was half-open, and her cloak was thrown on a chair. She grew very pale. She examined the cloak quickly, and under the lining, where there was a ragged, unfinished cut, she discovered a white paper, and in this paper was something black and long and fine ending in a fork. A sting! She laid the cloak on a chair. She stole out of the room, and, making a detour so that no one could see her, she went towards the barn. She heard the sheep bleating. She found the little shepherd, with his eyes all red, tying his clothes in his red cape.

And then, all white in the midst of the white sheep, she, who, perhaps had never caressed a man before, went straight to Pierron and kissed him.

And the little shepherd closed his eyes.

"You found it!" he stammered. "All the worse! I wanted to hide it so that it would bring good luck to you. Now it has lost its power. I will never come here again. May you be with God, Maria!"

And he was gone. The sunshine was gentle. Down from the tree-girt road Pierron turned to watch the bride cross the green fields to the church.

Then from the top of the hill, where he could still see the farmhouse of La Ribère, he stopped to listen to the bridal bells.

And, crossing himself, he joined his flock, his donkey, his dog, and went on towards the dim blue mountains.

Jean Rameau.

Digitized by Google

# Robbed by a Madman.

**The Story of a Clever Burglary.**

I LIVE in a delightful little villa at Eastbourne. It stands with its pretty garden in an unfrequented street. It is, indeed, the home of a poet.

One hot day in June I was playing the violin when there was a knock at the door, and a man wholly unknown to me came into the room. He appeared to be about fifty years of age; he was small, well-built and muscular. He sat down without ceremony on the sofa. I did not feel much reassured. He took off his hat and revealed a grey head that inspired respect.

"Pardon me, sir," he said in a sad voice, "for coming in without being properly announced. I am a neighbour of yours, and make bold on that account. I adore music, and heard you playing, and I had a keen desire to make your acquaintance."

"A crank," I thought to myself.

"Your violin has a remarkable tone, and you play with great talent."

Alas! for human vanity. This compliment caused my distrust to vanish.

"I possess an excellent violin," I said. "It is an Amati."

The stranger took the violin and examined it on both sides.

"It is one of the best I ever saw," he said. "It is worth £200."

"I know it is a rare violin," I said. The stranger took it up again and drew the bow across the strings.

"It is not my instrument. I play the violoncello. When we know each other better, if you permit it, I shall be very happy to have some music with you."

"That will be easy," I said. "I play the piano a little."

"I live in a cottage not very far from your own. What were you playing just now?"

"One of Mendelssohn's quartettes."

"What a great artist he was."

"I prefer him to Beethoven."

"So do I, sir; we have the same tastes. If I were not afraid of being indiscreet I would ask you to continue playing. You play with so much expression."

How can a man resist a request so complimentary? I took up my violin.

"You cannot have heard me properly, sir; my playing is very commonplace."

"I don't know how well you play, but I know, sir, that you feel what you play. That is everything in art."

I commenced the adagio, putting my whole soul into it. When I finished I noticed that the stranger was inspecting all the objects in the room. He turned to me.

"That was beautiful," he said. "How well you rendered the great master's thoughts. I thank you, and once more beg you to forgive the freedom with which I intruded on your privacy. I am rather eccentric. I have suffered so much."

The stranger put his hand to his head.

"I lost the wife whom I adored," he went on, "and, moreover, in the most horrible circumstances. I have been mad for a long time."

My apprehensions began to return, and I noticed a peculiar look in the man's eyes.

"I am cured now," he went on, "and I seek to forget in the pursuit of fine arts. You are sympathetic. I will tell you my story. The secret I shall confide in you is a terrible one."

"Hum!" I thought. "He's going a bit too fast for me."

"Sir," I replied, "I do not desire to revive painful memories."

"It will relieve me," he said. "I was twenty-two years old, and possessed of a good name, an independent fortune, and everything that was necessary for success in the world.

"I went about that time to stay with the Kingzett family, who lived in a superb castle in the environs of Glasgow. Mr Kingzett was the father of two ravishingly beautiful girls, Muriel and Denise. Attracted by their charms, I often went to the house, and soon became an intimate friend of the family. I loved them both and had no preference for either one. Soon I discovered that both girls were in love with me.

"The situation was most embarrassing.

"My visits became more and more frequent, and the greatest friendship existed between the young girls and myself. After much hesitation I decided in favour of Denise, the younger, and asked her to marry me. The grief of Muriel was intense. She concealed it, but from that moment bore towards her sister the most bitter hatred. The marriage was celebrated with princely functions, and attended by the most select society of Glasgow. Muriel was stoical; she feigned indifference, but the pallor of her face betrayed her, and threw a cloud over my happiness.

"As soon as the celebrations were at an end I left for Italy with my young wife. And there I spent the happiest days of my life. I worshipped Denise, and was at the summit of my ambition. After six months' joy, without a single trouble to mar it, we returned to my parents-in-law. Muriel received us with warmth. I thought she had got over her grief, and I felt reassured. Some time afterwards Denise began to lose her health. She had strange attacks of sickness, accompanied by pains in the head. She grew thinner and weaker, and her character commenced to change. She became nervous, irritable, fanciful.

"The old family doctor came to see her every day. He asked me odd questions, and I thought his old age had destroyed his judgment and made him fanciful.

"Denise grew worse and worse, and was obliged to take to her bed. Her sister's devotion to her was beautiful; she never left her bedside.

"I was beginning to despair. One evening, when Muriel was out of the room, Denise took my hand.

"'George,' she said, 'I am lost.'

"I cried aloud.

"'If you only knew,' she continued in an excited

Digitized by Google

voice. 'It is horrible! I am dying and I have been poisoned by my sister!'

"'It is impossible. You are raving.'

"'Last night I saw her pour out the poison; she thought I was asleep.'

"'It is awful.'

"'She is jealous of my happiness and wants to become your wife. Swear to me that you will never marry her.'

"She took me in her arms, and, while I gave the promise, she fell back dead.

"It were useless to describe to you my grief.

"Muriel came in. I seized her by the hand and dragging her to the bed I confronted her with my dead wife.

"'Miserable girl!' I cried, 'behold your work. I know all.'

"She threw herself at my feet and confessed her crime saying she had done it because of her love for me.

"'I shall not give you up to justice,' I said. 'I cannot disgrace both your family and my own. It would kill your parents. You must disappear so that I can never find you again, or else——'

"'I will disappear,' she sobbed, 'I promise you; I will disappear for ever.'

"The next day she was found dead in her bed. She had taken poison—the same that she had given to her sister.

"The two sisters left me all their property.

"I hoped that was all over. Muriel dead, the horrible secret was known only to me. I could count on the old doctor. On my way back from the cemetery he touched me on the shoulder.

"'Sir,' he said to me, 'allow me to compliment you; you understand the uses of poison.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'I mean that your trial for murder will cause a commotion. I have long had my suspicions of the cause of your wife's death; to-day I have proofs. I have analysed the contents of the bottle which you used to poison your sister-in law!'

"'What! You accuse me?' I cried. 'You think I poisoned the wife I adored? For what purpose?'

"The doctor smiled sardonically.

"'See whom their deaths profit,' he said. 'You have come into the property of the victims. But that is not my affair—that is for the judge to decide.'

"I was astonished. Not only would the scandal I dreaded break out, but I myself was accused of the most terrible crime. Appearances were against me. It was enough to send me out of my mind."

At this point the stranger said:

"What would you have done in my place, sir?"

"But—sir," I stammered, "I really cannot say."

"I did not hesitate," he went on; "I confessed. I had my plan."

"'Doctor,' I said, 'I am a very guilty man. But I do not wish my crime to cover with shame two old and honourable families. I will kill myself.'

"'Very well,' said the doctor. 'You still have some good feelings. On that condition I will tell nothing.'

"I asked for the time necessary to put my affairs in order. He said he would accompany me, and stepped into the trap I had laid for him. Having said farewell to my wife's parents, we took the train together for a station in Cumberland, near an estate that belonged to me. As the train left the terminus I suddenly opened the door and pushed the old doctor, who was asleep, on to the line. It was quite dark. I had laid my plans. The doctor rolled under the train and the wheels passed over him.

"The train stopped. I called for assistance. I declared that the doctor had tried to get off the train when it was in motion. No one doubted me. He was dead, and I was saved!"

The stranger stopped speaking. I, for my part, felt very uneasy. He wiped his brow and continued:

"So much emotion had turned my poor head, and I became mad."

He rose.

"You have my secret," he said in a hoarse voice.

"I did not ask you for it, sir. After all, you only worry me."

"One of us is out of place," he cried threateningly.

He advanced towards me with staring eyes. I retired prudently behind the piano, because I knew that I was dealing with an enraged madman.

"I am going to throw you out of the window." He shook the curtains of the window that looked into the street. At the same moment there was a ring at the bell and I ran to open the door.

A gentleman, well-dressed and groomed, came in. He wore a plain suit of clothes, and was followed by two gigantic attendants.

"I am Dr. Maxfestown," he said, with a slightly foreign accent. "I am the director of a private lunatic asylum, and one of my patients has escaped. According to the information I have received he has concealed himself in your house."

"You have made no mistake, sir; you have come just in time," I replied, greatly relieved.

"Heaven be praised! It is a certain Mr. Lovett, an unfortunate man who went mad after his wife's death. He imagines that she was poisoned."

"And he wanted to throw me out of the window."

"That is his mania. We will at once relieve you of him. I must apologise for the annoyance he has caused you."

He pointed to the two men.

"Two of my assistants," he said. We went into the drawing-room. The madman seemed greatly agitated.

"He is going to have an attack," declared the doctor.

"Doctor," cried the madman, "this man is going to denounce me. I must have his life."

He made a rush at me. The two big assistants, not without difficulty, restrained him, and one of them took a strong cord from his coat.

"Your presence irritates him," said the doctor to me. "Would you be so kind as to conceal yourself while we take him away?"

I stepped into a cupboard.

"Oh, sir, how good of you! The family will never forget your kindness. They will come to thank you in person."

The doctor closed the door and turned the key. Then I heard signs of a struggle.

"Quietly, please! quietly, please!" Then followed a sound of moving furniture in my bedroom adjoining. The madman had evidently got away from the two assistants. After some time all became quiet again. The madman had evidently been captured.

In the excitement of the moment the doctor had forgotten to restore my liberty.

I remained in that cupboard till the evening.

A policeman heard me and let me out.

"And the madman?" I asked.

"What madman, sir?"

Then I saw that my valuable Amati violin, my pictures, my bronzes, and a priceless bracket of Louis XV. had vanished, with everything else in the house worth having.

I had been spoofed!

O. P. Wix.

Digitized by Google

**STARTS TO-DAY.** **BEGIN AT ONCE.**

# *SHORT STORIES*
# NAME HUNTING COMPETITION.

## NAMES OF BRITISH AND IRISH TOWNS.

## First Prize - - £10. Second Prize - - £2.
## Third to Sixth Prizes - - £1 each.

## ALL COUPONS APPEAR IN SHORT STORIES.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each set describing the name of a town of over 5,000 inhabitants in the United Kingdom.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those places you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

### Note These Facts. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
3. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you till we tell you to send it in.
4. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently, and must be pinned together.
5. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.
6. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and those selected as winners may be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

The first prize of £10 will be given to the reader from whom we receive coupons containing the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

Cut to edge—>

*Example:*
To exclude monarch..... Barking.

1. A stand with divisions ..... 1 .....
2. A tree; a bullet ..... 2 .....
3. Mounds; an index ..... 3 .....
4. An agricultural implement; a way ..... 4 .....
5. A kind of onion..... 5 .....
6. To arouse; to catch a cricket ball ..... 6 .....
7. A cake; a brook..... 7 .....
8. Centre; 20cwts. ..... 8 .....
9. A long-legged boot..... 9 .....
10. A small piece of water ..... 10 .....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Digitized by Google

Cut to edge—>

# The Fairy and The Elephant.

**A Pathetic Circus Story.**

CENTREPOLE TOM professed to know everything about all the distinguished people of the "profession" in all parts of Christendom, and he did know a great deal; for, in his humble capacity, he had served many of them in diverse countries, and, though a boastful man, he had never been detected in an inability to give trustworthy information. So, when it was announced, with a great show of large type, that "Christopher and the Fairy" had just landed from an Australian steamer, under contract for the remainder of the season, there was much excitement and curiosity among the people of the circus, and Centrepole Tom was at once exploited for knowledge concerning them.

"Hain't you never heard of Christopher and the Fairy?" he asked pityingly; "well, that beats me. The Fairy's the purtiest little trick, an' the way she kin do the flying trapeze is something 'stonishing. No, I hain't never seen her, but I know all about her. A feller worked for me last season that seen her at Melbourne, and he told me a whole string of stuff about her. Every man-jack under the canvas was dead gone on her, but she never took no notice of any of 'em, and didn't seem to care for nobody's society but the women's and that measly old Christopher."

"Is Christopher her husban'?" asked a long-legged young groom.

"No!" thundered Tom, with so great vehemence that the young man quailed, and dared not ask any more questions.

"Brother?" inquired one of the ring of "supers."

"No!" yelled the veteran master of the centrepole-hoist; "He ain't her husban', nor her brother, nor her uncle, nor her grandfather, nor her cousin."

The head hostler, as much a veteran as Centrepole Tom, and more modest and less theatrical than he, quietly said:

"No use making a fool of yourself and putting on airs before these boys here. I don't know who Christopher is, an' I ain't ashamed to say so. Now, who is Christopher?"

This was the supreme moment for which Centrepole Tom had waited. He turned himself round, and, looking steadily at the head hostler, said impressively and with the utmost deliberation:

"Christopher is an elephant."

It was a small speech, but it was some time after this before the two men became good friends again.

There was a commotion all through the small army of circus people when Christopher and the Fairy arrived. They did not come to the tents for two or three days after landing, as it was rumoured that Christopher had been seasick on the voyage and needed a little rest. When they did appear, however, they were cordially welcomed. The women of the circus found the Fairy (who, in private life, was known as Miss Camilla Armijo) to be a delightful girl, more substantial than a genuine fairy, to be sure, but hardly more so; for, although she was full-grown, she was so small and fragile that her professional name sat well upon her. There was a light touch of sadness in all her conduct, and Centrepole Tom explained this by saying that she had recently lost both her parents. How he discovered this nobody ever could learn. But it was clear at least that she was a very sweet and gentle little body, very young, and with no friend except old Christopher

I say "old Christopher" because it is impossible to associate anything but great age with his enormous proportions and overwhelming dignity. He was an East Indian elephant, of prodigious size. A more solemn and self-satisfied elephant it would be impossible to find.

It was very pretty to see how solicitous was the Fairy of her immense charge. She saw that he had a sufficient allowance of fresh, sweet hay, and, from a bag which she carried, she fed him with some dainties which she had for that purpose, and which he took in his lithe trunk with manifest tokens of gratitude. She patted his great jaws and said kind things to him, and he took it all as a matter of course, seeming to say:

"I see nothing at all strange in the affection, and solicitude which this beautiful little Fairy lavishes upon me; for am I not a very large and majestic elephant, and does she not know that I love her better than does anyone else in all the world?"

And it was pretty to see how gently she bade him good-bye until the evening performance, which would begin in two hours from that time.

There was a far greater crowd than usual at the performance that evening, for the flaming public announcements of "Christopher and the Fairy" had borne profitable fruit. Not only were the seats packed all the way up to the eaves, but rows of extra seats had been provided on the level ground facing the ring. Several acts were done before the manager announced the new performers.

When he had finished the elephant came slowly walking out, and thereupon rose a mighty shout of applause and a great clapping of hands. Sitting on the massive shoulders of the enormous brute was the Fairy, glittering with spangles. She was so small and fragile and dainty, and Christopher was so overwhelming and majestic and stern that the strange picture caught the audience with sweeping force, and the applause became deafening.

Christopher calmly marched into the ring and proceeded deliberately round it, the Fairy meanwhile guiding him with gentle hand-pressure on one side of his neck or the other, while with the other hand she threw kisses to the audience. Her bare, dimpled arms, and smiling dimpled cheeks, her rosy mouth, her large black eyes, and curling black hair in which diamonds shone, won every heart for her in that immense crowd; for so much sweetness and grace and daintiness they had never seen all at once in a circus-ring before.

The circuit of the ring completed, the elephant stopped and listened gravely to the sorry jokes of the clown. He had heard them before and was not to be amused. The Fairy bounded to her feet on the great animal's back and

there found room for some entertaining tricks of agility. Then she gave him a tap with her little slippered foot, and, in response, he brought his long trunk round, caught her by the waist, and set her gently on the ground. This made the audience applaud until the Fairy was almost deaf.

Other things—some old and some new—were done by the two, such as his walking over her, stepping ever so carefully, as she lay on the ground; recovering her handkerchief from the clown, who had stolen it and hidden it in his blouse; throwing her high in the air, and stepping forward in time to have her alight nimbly on his back; and things like that. Then came her act on the flying trapeze.

To prepare for this the clown brought her a flag, which she gave to Christopher to hold in his trunk. Then the clown threw a rope over a trapeze hung high in the air, and with a few parting caresses and whispered words to Christopher, she sprang to the rope and climbed it like a squirrel. She sat a moment on the trapeze bar, and then glanced down at Christopher, who sitting back on his haunches, the better to look so high, was gravely watching her. The band had stopped playing. A clear musical voice from above, dropping like pearls on the people below, called out:

"How was that, Christopher?"

The elephant waved the flag, and gravely nodded his approval. Then came the real work of the act—all sorts of agile turnings and graceful leaps from the main bar to one hung still higher; and after every one of these feats, each more daring than its predecessor, she would call down, in her musical voice:

"Was that all right, Christopher?"

And Christopher would wave the flag, and solemnly nod his approval, as much as to say:

"Of course it was all right; but we expect that from you, little Fairy!"

Finally came her greatest feat—it was to leap right across the ring from one trapeze to another. She rested awhile before undertaking it, and Christopher, knowing what was coming, braced himself, as though trying to give her strength for the dangerous task. The band played a spirited air while the girl sat still on the bar; then the music ceased, and a deep hush fell on the audience. The Fairy caught the bar in her hands and swung underneath it, and her clear voice rang out again:

"Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

The elephant nodded and waved his flag, but with less stateliness than before. The Fairy began to swing backwards and forwards in the direction of the distant trapeze which she was to catch after her flight through the air. Farther and farther did she swing, higher and higher, back and forth, her glittering spangles looking like a shower of meteors. A ringing voice cried out:

"Now we go, Christopher!" and she loosed her hold and went flying away across the tent, higher and higher, to the apex of a graceful parabolic curve, then down towards the trapeze, still so far away, while the people held their breath, and many closed their eyes. Down sailed the small and graceful figure, coming quickly close to the goal; two eager hands were outstretched to seize the bar; one hand touched it and clutched it desperately, but the other missed its aim.

The momentum sent her flying far beyond, but she still held the bar with one hand, and the ropes which supported it creaked with the strain upon them. A hold with one hand was not enough.

The small hand slipped, and the girl went flying towards the ground. A suppressed cry of horror arose from the audience as the frail little body struck the ground at the entrance to the waiting-room, falling with a heavy, cruel sound that went into every heart in that vast assemblage, and that made the strongest men shudder and groan and cover their faces.

She fell near the feet of Centrepole Tom, who was standing behind the musicians, and he was the first to approach her. He straightened the body and looked in the blanched face and wide staring eyes, and silently prayed for even a moan from the silent, white lips. The audience arose in an uproar, and thousands pressed forward to see the poor, limp body on the ground.

But instantly there was a commotion from another cause. Christopher had seen the catastrophe, and he claimed the first right-of-way and the privileges of a friend. He came towards the packed mass of humanity with a roar that sent terror abroad, hundreds flying from his path. Others could not escape so easily, and of these some he flung right and left with his trunk, and others were packed closer on either side by the interposition of his enormous bulk. Soon he reached the side of the Fairy, lying so white and still, and he dropped to his knees beside her and groaned, and caressed her with his trunk.

Gentle hands were trying to find some life in the frail, crushed body when he came, but all fell back upon his terrible approach—all except Centrepole Tom, who feared not even the wrath of the giant Christopher. The elephant accepted his presence, seeing kindness in it.

Tom's heart beat violently as he saw a faint movement of the chest, and he nearly choked with joy when he beheld the lips move and the eyes close and then open again. Someone brought water, with which he sprinkled her face. This did much good, for she gasped and then sighed.

"She is coming to!" cried Centrepole Tom.

And surely she was; for, with returning life, came evidence of suffering, and deep lines of pain formed about her mouth and eyes. Christopher noticed it, for he fanned her more vigorously with his great ears. Consciousness came slowly back; and, when it had returned, the first thing the Fairy saw was her old friend Christopher kneeling beside her.

"Poor old Christopher! It will break your old heart to see me die. . . . You have loved me, Christopher, . . . . But they'll be good to you."

Tears trickled down her cheeks, the hard lines deepened, the poor face became more pinched and drawn, the beautiful eyes wandered vacantly and then closed, and the Fairy passed into unconsciousness again.

A physician now came and knelt beside her, and, after he had examined her as well as he could, he said:

"She is desperately hurt, but she is young and is still alive. You must take her at once to a house, where I may care for her properly."

They gently picked her up, and, as they did so, a moan escaped her. This roused the elephant, already dazed by what had happened. He began clumsily rising to his feet, watching them as they bore her away, and was evidently determined to follow. Seeing this, Centrepole Tom, who held the light body in his arms, hurried away and almost ran to a small hotel not far distant. He took the Fairy within and laid her on a bed, which they showed him in a rear room on the ground floor.

But Christopher had not lost sight of him, in spite of the crowd; and those without, seeing Christopher's intention of keeping close to his friend, and knowing it was impossible sought to stay him. They shouted to him and tried to drive him back, but he noticed them not

at all. They threw boxes and chairs in his path, but he tossed them aside. A carriage, which stood in his way, was crushed. Christopher seemed to think that, as his friend was among strangers she was among enemies, and needed his protection.

The situation was desperate. Men counselled shooting him, but how could a pistol-bullet find a vital spot in his enormous body? Besides, he was already maddened by the opposition he had encountered, and further tormenting might lead to dire results. Before anything could be done, before any plan could be matured, he had reached the house.

The door was closed and locked before him and furniture was piled behind it; but, with his massive head lowered, he went straight against it, and everything was crushed before his advance.

Once in the house, he stopped and listened for the sound of her voice. He heard faint moans, and mistook the direction whence they came, for he started straight for the wide staircase leading to an upper floor.

Up he toiled, roaring terribly at intervals. The wooden stairs creaked and groaned under the tremendous weight. The plastering near them began to fall, timbers were sprung and wrenched from their fastenings, and the whole house quivered.

The catastrophe came at last. Just before Christopher reached the top, the whole staircase came down with a frightful crash, and the gigantic animal fell headlong to the floor, which he crushed and splintered. A mighty groan escaped him, for the fall had done him a desperate hurt.

He struggled and floundered in the mass of wrecked timbers, and finally, after a supreme attempt, he staggered to his feet.

With a stupendous effort he steadied himself on his tottering legs, and dazed and shattered, began anew his search for Fairy. But he did not to have to go any farther; Centrepole Tom, followed by the physician, came forward bearing a small, dainty burden in his arms, which he laid gently on a table close to Christopher.

"It will quiet him," explained Centrepole Tom to the few people who had ventured near, "and nothing can hurt her now."

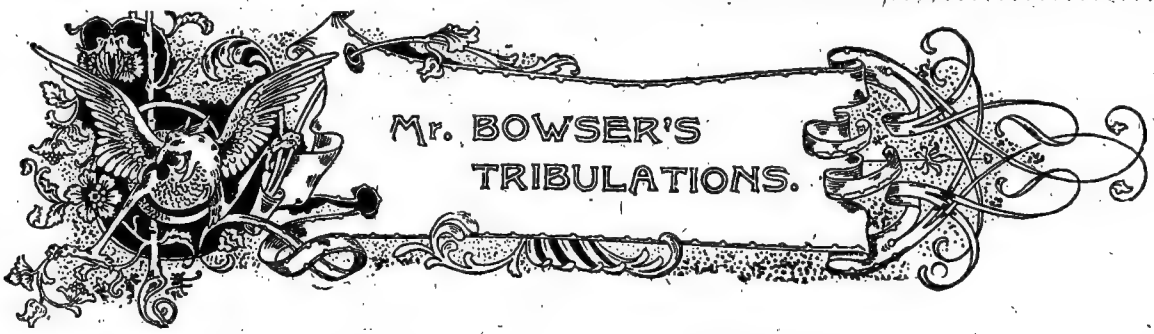
Christopher gazed at her and his head sank lower and lower. The fury had all left him, and crushed both in spirit and body, he stood a towering, tottering wreck. Not a sound escaped him. His great body heaved painfully with his slow breathing and swayed from side to side.

A little later he sank to his knees and then lay down, and with a groan he died.

On the western slope of the cemetery stands a granite monument, marking a very large grave and a small one, and it bears only this simple line:

"Christopher and the Fairy."

E. I. C.




### He Goes Forth to Hunt the Festive Snipe.

"And now what is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a gun case under his arm.

"Nothing but a little healthful recreation to-morrow," he replied as he carefully stood the case in the corner.

"Have you got a gun in there?"

"I have. It's a gun I borrowed to go snipe shooting with Green to-morrow. Have you any objections to my taking a day off?"

"Of course not, but it seems strange that you should go shooting. I didn't suppose that you had ever fired a gun in your life."

"No? Well, when I bring home a bushel of snipe to-morrow night you'll suppose something else."

Nothing more was said until after dinner, and then Mrs. Bowser queried:

"Where do you go after snipe?"

"Oh, down the marshes," he replied.

"But what is a snipe?"

"A snipe? Do you mean to tell me that you have lived to be forty years old and don't know what a snipe is? That's the way with women, however. They are so busy reading novels and gadding about, that they don't know a goose from a blackbird. A snipe, as I will inform you, is a bird."

"What kind of a bird?"

"Well, it's neither a buzzazd nor a blackbird. It's—it's a snipe. It flies over marshes and is good eating. Snipe on toast is a dish for a king."

Mr. Bowser talked very confidently, but he had never seen a snipe, alive or dead. He had read of them, and Green had added enough to make him enthusiastic. Mrs. Bowser wanted to know lots of other things about the birds, but he choked her off in time to save his reputation. He got to bed early, so as to be able to make an early start, but his dreams were snipe haunted.

At midnight he yelled out and almost rolled out of bed; at two o'clock he got up to look out of the window and listen for the notes of birds; at four o'clock he was up to look at the weather, and at six he dressed and went downstairs to load his gun. Green was to be round at seven, and Mr. Bowser had bolted breakfast and was waiting at the gate before that hour, but it was to be disappointed. His friend had some important business crop up and couldn't go.

Digitized by Google

"Then you'll call it off, of course?" said Mrs. Bowser, as she was told of the situation.

"Not at all," he replied. "I have made all arrangements this day to go after the snipe, and I shall go just the same. I'm off in ten minutes."

"But I wish you wouldn't," she pleaded. "You don't know anything about snipe shooting, and you'll be sure——"

"That'll do!" interrupted Mr. Bowser. "I go forth to shoot the snipe, and I'll come home with a basketful. I'm not going to be embraced by a boa constrictor or eaten by an alligator. Nothing will happen except that we'll have a snipe on toast for breakfast—fat, juicy snipe."

"And nothing can induce you to stay at home till some day when Mr. Green can go?"

"Nothing on this earth. The snipe must understand that I'm a man who doesn't let go when I've got my mind made up. You'd better keep dinner an hour for me, as I may be a little late."

With that he was off with the gun on his shoulder and three small boys and a dog trailing behind. At the corner his retinue left him, however, and he took a train for the country. He wanted to come up with the snipe as soon as possible, and so he asked information of the guard.

The guard wanted to be agreeable and aid in building up the suburban line, and so he replied that the snipe were so thick just beyond the terminus that farmers were killing them with sticks. He told of one case where so many of the birds roosted on a fence one night as to level forty rods of it, and of another where their flight darkened the sun for an hour and sent the barnyard fowls to their roosts.

Mr. Bowser caught his breath and felt sorry for poor Green, and he caught it again and chuckled as he pictured Mrs. Bowser's chagrin when he arrived home with a waggonload of birds. He set off bravely and at last struck a marsh. He looked warily about him for snipe, but realised after a minute that a bird of brains would be hidden away where the grass was highest and thickest.

There was water in the marsh. There were also all sorts of flies and gnats, and as Mr. Bowser ploughed along they settled on him like a dog on a bone and began to bite. His shoes were full of water, and half the brim of his straw hat was missing before he got through the marsh, and the biggest thing he had scared up was a bumble-bee. On the farther side of the marsh he came across a farmer in a potato field, and he approached him to say:

"I'm out after snipe, but I don't think I've struck the right spot. They live in the marshes, don't they?"

"They do," replied the farmer as he straightened up to rest his back. "Yes, the wretched things do live in the marshes and keep up such a chatterin' that you sometimes can't hear yourself think."

"But I don't see any about."

"That's because they've gone over to that marsh at the west. They allus go about this time of day to feed. You jest go over there if you want to find 'em by the million."

Mr. Bowser's lost exultation returned to him, and there was a song in his heart as he climbed the fence and fell in and out of a ditch and made his way into the larger marsh. He splashed his way through water and toiled along over beds of dry grass with all the instincts of a hunter on the alert, but nothing appeared.

Something was about to appear, he felt sure, when an enormous frog that was lurking in a damp spot jumped against him with a smash and at the same instant a wandering horsefly which he fancied was as big as a robin crashed against his ear and tried to bite it all off at once. When Mr. Bowser finally emerged from that marsh, it was to come again upon the same old farmer in his potato field. He had tramped for two hours in a circle.

"Didn't git any, eh?" queried the farmer as he leant on his hoe. "I was thinkin' after you'd gone that I ought to have sent you over this way. That's where the snipe all appear to git about this time of day."

"I was told that there were plenty this season," said Mr. Bowser, as hope rekindled again.

"Millions of 'em, but they don't allus stay in one place. Try this other marsh."

There was more water in this marsh, also more gnats and horseflies, but Mr. Bowser plunged in with a stout heart and looked upon a fall in the ditch or a tumble into the grass as all in the day's work. It was only after he had tumbled along for an hour without raising a bird and had come out on the old farmer for the third time that his anger rose, and he yelled out:

"Look here, you silly old idiot! I am back again!"

"So you are!" replied the toiler. "Why, you must be lopsided to walk in a circle this way!"

"You've been misleading me! I came down here after snipe."

"Yes, you said so."

"And I've waded about for five long hours and not seen a single one."

"Shoo! shoo!"

"And I don't believe there's one in the district."

"Shoo! Haven't seen a snipe, eh? That's singular?"

"How is it singular? If there are snipe here, why haven't I seen 'em?"

"I dunno, unless they've all crawled into a holler log to git out of the sun. I've heard that they do that when it's very hot. Yes, that must be it, but if you'll stay about a bit longer, you'll find 'em all flyin' and waitin' to be shot!"

The train which conveyed Mr. Bowser from the snipe grounds to the town also conveyed a cross-eyed man, who sat on the opposite seat and quoted poetry. It was poetry relating to sunburns, fly bites and snipe shooting. There were forty verses, and the end of every verse left the hunter in a ditch or on his nose in the grass.

The passengers applauded at the right places, and Mr. Bowser bobbed about on his seat and vowed that he would hunt that cross-eyed man to his doom. Dinner had waited two hours when he arrived home. He wobbled as he walked.

When he finally reached his own gate, he saw Mrs. Bowser and the cat on the steps, and he halted a moment to brace himself for the ordeal. As he braced, Mrs. Bowser called out:

"Nothing for you this evening!"

He stared at her and wondered what she meant, and she continued:

"I have neither cold food nor money for you."

He opened the gate and advanced, and she rose up and said:

"If you come in here, I will call a policeman to arrest you! Go on, you bad man!"

Nimrod Bowser was being taken for a tramp by his own wife! M. Quad.

---

**[Next week: He offers up his life in the interests of medical science.]**

# Juan Castrillo's Vengeance.

**A Story of Spanish Love and Hatred.**

A successful bull-fighter is almost a national hero in Spain, and gets more run after and fawned upon by all classes of the population than a successful policitian, or even a successful jockey with us. Juan Castrillo was far and away the most famous bull-fighter of his generation, and his fame lasted all through the long years of his retirement, and even after his death until this day. Talk to any Spaniard of him and his eyes will glisten, as he answers: "You mean the old espada, who, they say, used to kill the bull in its first rush in the ring—as if anyone could do that! But he was a wonderful bull-fighter, and we have no one like him to-day."

Juan Castrillo was the son of a peasant in the south of Spain, who occupied himself in breeding bulls for the ring. His mother wanted the boy to become a priest, for he was quick and intelligent and had quite a taste for book learning. But his father needed his help in looking after the bulls. All day long he would sit on his pony in charge of them. If they strayed too far, he had to canter off and bring them back. When they remained quiet, he would take his books out of his pocket and continue his studies.

He was not long in finding out that every bull has an individual character, and that an acquaintance with it makes the animal easier to manage. He found that bulls were just like men, only simpler and kinder; some were good-tempered and honest, others were sulky and cunning. There was a black one, which was wild and hot-tempered, but at bottom, good, while there was one with light horns and flanks, which could never be trusted. It was cunning and suspicious, and never made friends with any of the other bulls; it would always eat by itself, far away from the others. But it had plenty of courage, as Juan soon found out.

One day, his father and sisters came back from a bull-fight at Cadiz in a great state of excitement, saying that a matador had been killed by one of their own bulls. Juan exclaimed: "I know, it was the one with the white horns;" and his father seemed surprised, and said: "The boy is right, he knows more about the bulls than I do."

Juan's knowledge of the habits and character of bulls went on increasing. He was very happy during those years, and his only sorrow was that he was never allowed to see a bull-fight, but when he found out that it was his mother who did not wish it, he ceased to ask to go, and said nothing, for he loved her dearly.

Then came a crushing sorrow. His mother caught cold and died. He thought he should die too. Within a few months his father married again, as he said he must have someone to look after the house, but Juan did not get on well with his step-mother, and it seemed as if all happiness had passed out of his life.

The different order of things, however, enabled the boy to realise his heart's wish, and attend a bull-fight. The banderilleros, whose business it is to stick darts into the bull in order to infuriate him, fascinated the boy at once. His knowledge of bulls made him a good critic, and he felt he could do it as well, if not better than they. Indeed, one of them made a mistake. He did not seem to know out of which eye the bull was looking at him, so he got frightened and did not plant his banderilla fairly.

But what excited Juan most was the appearance of the espada, whose business it was to give the bull its finishing stroke. When the bull, struck to the heart, fell prone on its knees, and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, Juan cheered and cheered till he was hoarse. But he still remained a stern critic, and presently he saw that one matador had made a mistake. At first Juan doubted his judgment, but the events soon showed that he was right, for the matador had not got the bull to stand square before he tried his stroke.

When a bull stands with one hoof in front of the other, its shoulder-blades almost meet, as when a man throws his arms back and his chest out. This makes it very much more difficult for the matador to strike straight between the shoulder-blades. At best, the point to be struck is a small one, and, if it be narrowed ever so little, the task is thereby rendered much more difficult.

Therefore, when Juan saw the bull was not standing quite square, he knew the matador was either a bungler, or else very clever and strong indeed. In a moment he proved himself a bungler, for his sword turned on the shoulder-blade, and the bull, throwing up its head, almost caught him on its horns.

Then Juan hissed, and cried "shame," and the people stared at him, but the man had to make five attempts before he succeeded in killing the bull, and by that time the crowd had come to the conclusion that the boyish critic was right.

From that day forth Juan determined that one day he would be an espada, but when he mentioned it to his father, he laughed at him, and said he would have to

Digitized by Google

grow a great deal, and develop very much muscle before he was any use in that line.

"No, no!" he said, "it is not everybody that can become a matador. A good matador is born, not made. He is the idol of the people, and can earn a small fortune in a single day."

Next day the boy began to practise with his father's bulls. First, he teased one till it grew angry and rushed at him; then he stepped aside. He began to try to move aside as late as possible, and only just so far as needful; for he soon found out the play of horn of every bull in the flock. Another day he played at being a banderillero, and found out at once that his knowledge of the animal was all-important, for he always knew on which side to move to avoid the bull's rush.

The matador's work was harder to practise. He had no sword, and besides, the bull he wished to pretend to kill was not tired, and wouldn't keep quiet. However, he provided himself with a makeshift red capa, and got a bull far away from the others. Then he played with it until it was tired out. Then he approached it with the capa, and found he could make it do what he pleased, stand crooked or square in a moment, just as he liked. For he learnt at once that, as a rule, the bull rushes at the capa, and not at the man who holds it, though some bulls are clever enough to charge the man.

He kept up this game for weeks, until one day his father expressed his surprise at the thin and wretched appearance of the bulls. No wonder, as the pasture-ground had been a ring for them and him for many a week. After this, he had to play matador without first tiring the bulls, and it was in this way that he learnt the tricks of the ring which made him for ever famous.

He got to dislike his step-mother more and more and his life at home became ever more intolerable. When he was nineteen, he told his father he intended to go to Madrid and become an espada. His father was loth to lose him, but, seeing he had made up his mind, he let him go, and Juan went to Seville, where he did odd jobs for a few weeks in connection with the bull-ring, such as feeding the bulls, helping to separate them, and so forth, and there he made acquaintance with a man named José Herrero, who had a fair secondary position in the ring.

He was a fine man, strong, tall and handsome, and very popular with the fair sex. Juan confided his ambitions to his new friend, but he said:

"You may do well with the capa, or even as a banderillero, but you'll never go further. You see, to be an espada, as I intend to be, you must have height and strength," and he stretched his fine figure as he spoke.

After a few months Juan made his way to Madrid, and there took work in a blacksmith's shop, with the object of strengthening his muscles. In the following spring, thanks to the good offices of José, he got employed on trial in the bull-ring one Sunday.

He took part in the procession with the rest, but when the bull rushed at him, instead of running away like the rest, he wrapped his capa around him, and just as the bull's horns were touching him he moved aside, not half a pace. The spectators cheered, but José came over to him and whispered:

"You mustn't show off like that. In the first place it's foolish, and you'll only get killed; and, in the second place, you fellows with the capa are there to make the bull run about and tire him out, so that the matador may kill him."

For a time Juan respected this admonition, and ran about with the rest, but when the fourth or sixth bull came in, his excitement got the better of him. It was a good honest bull, he saw that at once. It stood in the

The bull tossed him, and he fell down senseless.

Digitized by Google

middle of the ring, excited, but not angry, in spite of the waving of the capas all round it.

As soon as Juan's turn came, he ran forward, nearer to the bull than the others had considered safe, and waved the challenge with his capa. At once it rushed at him, and Juan gave it a long run half round the circle, and ended by stopping and letting it toss the capa, which he held not quite at arm's length from his body. As he did this he turned his back to the bull, and did not look at it, for he knew it would toss the capa and not him.

But the crowd rose and cheered, as if the thing were extraordinary. Then he felt sure he would be engaged, and sure enough he was.

Directly after the performance the Director sent for him, and asked him where he had played before. He said it was his first trial, and the Director remarked that such courage generally came from want of experience. But the Duke of Sidonia, a great patron of the bull-ring, who was present, asked Juan why he kept his back turned to the bull.

Juan replied that it was because he saw the bull was an honest one, and not angry, and that he knew it would toss the capa without paying any attention to him.

"Well," said the Duke, "if you know that much, and are not afraid to risk your life on your knowledge, you will go far."

And Juan was accordingly engaged for the season, at a salary of £20 a month.

All that summer he worked every Sunday, and grew in favour with the people of Madrid, and the women began to take an interest in him. But he did not become a gay cavalier. He was timid and young. So he went on studying the bulls, learning all he could about the different breeds, and watching them in the ring. He sent home money to his sister and his father, and altogether was happy and hopeful. Every day, all through the winter, he did a spell of work in the blacksmith's shop to strengthen himself.

Next spring he told the Director that he wanted to be a banderillero. He seemed surprised, told Juan he was a favourite with the capa, and had better stick to that for another season at least. But Juan was firm. Then the Director asked him whether he had ever used the banderillas, and where, for he never believed that Juan had not worked in any ring before coming to Madrid. In the end he engaged him at £40 a month, on condition that, if the spectators wished it, he should work now and then with the capa as well.

Juan was as great a success with the banderillas as he had been with the capa. The banderillero has to excite the bull to charge him before he can plant the dart. He does that to make the bull lower its head well, partly so that the bull shall not know when to toss its head up, and partly because he can throw himself aside more easily when the bull is running fairly fast.

Again and again Juan made the bull lower its head, then walked up to it and planted the banderillas, and, as it struck upward, swayed aside just enough to avoid the blow. That was an infinitely more difficult feat than anything he had done before, and gained him much credit with those who understood bull-fighting. But the ignorant herd of spectators preferred his tricks with the capa.

By this time Juan had discovered that he could make the bull do almost anything he chose. And so the season came and went, Juan got more and more intimate with José and often lent him money, because he always spent more than he earned. Juan also sent his sister £10 a month, and his father another £10.

At the beginning of Juan's third season he caught sight of the face of a girl who was looking down at him from the second balcony. He realised at once that it was the face of his dreams, only much more beautiful, and José chaffed him about her, and said they must make her acquaintance and send her a box for the following Sunday.

That day, with the girl's eyes upon him, Juan surpassed himself. He even did something that has never been done before or since by any one else. The first bull was honest and kindly, as Juan saw directly it came in. So when the people called for "El Pequeño" (the little fellow) that was the nick-name they gave him—he took up a capa, and when the bull chased him he stopped suddenly, faced it, and threw the capa round his own shoulders. The bull was within six paces of him before it caught his look, and it began to stop; but before it came to a standstill, its horns were within a foot of him.

The people cheered and cheered, as if they never would stop. Then he looked up at the girl, and she took the red rose from her hair and threw it into the ring towards him, crying:

"Bravo, bravo! little one!"

That very afternoon they met. José brought it about, and they all went to a restaurant. José did all the talking, for Juan was shy and silent. The girl's name was Lola Valdera, and her mother was with her.

As they talked it over afterwards, Juan said to José:

"You are not in love with the girl, are you?"

He laughed, and said, "No."

"In that case," said Juan, "please leave her to me. Of course you could win her if you wanted to. But it makes no difference to you—and to me, all. If I cannot marry her, I shall never marry."

"Dear me, how fast you go," returned José; "but I'd do more than that for you; and besides, I have other fish to fry."

Accordingly Juan trusted his friend, and it did not strike him as strange that he should so often join the little party, which now met together nearly every week. Lola was not in the least bit in love with Juan, but she had no objection to letting herself be adored, and that was the next best thing.

She was a practical young woman, and had evidently contemplated the possibility of marrying him, for she constantly urged him to get on in his profession.

"A man without ambition," she said, "is like a woman without beauty."

She urged him to try and become an espada, but José remarked that it would require height and strength, like his own, and she seemed to be convinced by his reasoning, and to despise Juan somewhat for it. He was somewhat piqued by this, and said to her:

"If you cared for me, I should be the first espada in the world next season. I would do anything for the sake of your love."

"That's what all men say," she replied; "but love does not make a man tall and strong."

"But do you love me?" he asked.

"I like you," she replied, "but as to love—they say that comes after marriage."

"Well, then, will you marry me?"

"Become an espada, and then ask me again," she answered, laughing.

Juan at once applied to be an espada, but the difficulty was that there was no place vacant, and it was only by a direct appeal to the Duke that he obtained a promise of employment in that capacity. There was to be a

special performance in the following July, when royalty would be present, and he should make his first appearance there.

When he told the news to Lola, she only said:

"I am glad, now of course you'll get José to help you."

Juan stared at her.

"Yes," she went on a little impatiently, "he has been trained to the work. He is sure to be able to teach you much."

Juan only laughed to himself, and marvelled at the ignorance of women on matters of sport. His relations with Lola did not seem to improve with the improvement of his position. She took to teasing him about his size, and saying, in his hearing, that she only admired, big, well-built men.

Meanwhile, he obtained every possible success in the ring, but nothing took like his trick with the capa. One Sunday he had done it with six bulls one after the other, and the people cheered and cheered. But the seventh was a bad bull, and of course he did not try it. Afterwards Lola asked him why this was, and he told her, but she taunted him with cowardice, and ever afterwards was constantly bothering him to do the capa trick with every bull.

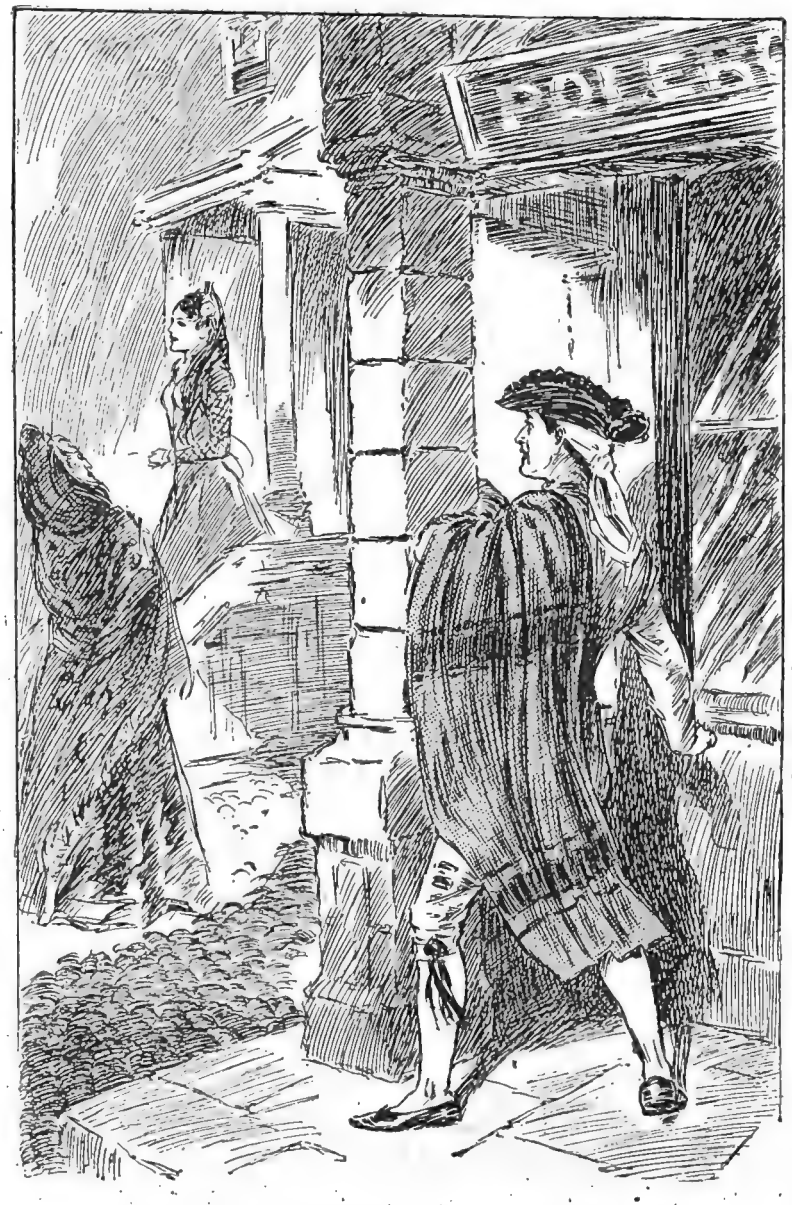
"If you don't," she used to say, "you won't get a chance of being made an espada," and when he laughed and paid no attention, she became more and more obstinate.

"If the people get to know that you can only do it with some bulls," she said, "they won't think much of you. Do it with every bull, and then they can't say anything."

And he laughed and said:

"No, I shouldn't be able to say anything, either."

But she was very angry with him about it.



Presently there came out of José's house a form he knew only too well.

At last, one Sunday came, about six weeks before Juan was to appear as an espada. Lola and her mother occupied the best seats in front. Juan had done the capa trick with three bulls, one after the other, and when the fourth came in, Juan saw that it was a bad bull, cunning and furious.

The other men stood aside to let him do his trick but he ran away like the rest. The people liked him, and so they cheered just the same, thinking he was tired. But suddenly Lola called out:

"The capa round the shoulders. The capa trick."

Juan looked up at her, and she leant over the front of the box and called out the words again.

Then a sort of fury took possession of the bull-fighter. He raised his cap to the girl, and turned and challenged the bull with the capa, and as it put down its head and rushed, he threw the capa round him and stood still. He did not even look at the bull, for he knew it was useless. The bull tossed him and he fell down senseless.

When he came to his first glance was for the girl, and he saw her in the box without any trace of emotion, like an ordinary spectator at an ordinary drama. The bull's horns had torn the

muscles of his thigh from the bone, and he was a month in bed.

The Duke came to see him constantly, and as he was recovering, Juan stipulated that he should still be employed at the show in July. The Duke promised he should if he were able, and then asked him how he came to make such a mistake.

"It was no mistake, señor."

"What! You knew you would be struck?"

Juan nodded. The Duke looked at him for a moment, and then held out his hand without saying a word.

Lola came to see him frequently at first; but when the doctor said he would never be able to appear in the ring again, she came more seldom, and after a week or ten days her visits ceased altogether. At the end of June, Juan sent word to the Duke that he was strong enough to appear, and a few days afterwards his name was placarded prominently all over Madrid, and the Duke had put underneath it: "By special request of H.M. the Queen."

Then Lola came to see him again, and wanted to know all about it.

When the day came, the crowd shouted for the capa trick, and Juan had to limp forward in his espada's dress and go through it. It was an honest bull, and he knew at once that it would be all right. He saw all the people rise in their excitement, and the Duke leant forward in his box. Then, as the bull stopped and the people began to cheer, Juan handed back the capa, and, after bowing went again among the espadas.

Her stare grew wild with surprise and horror, and then she said: "You did it; I see it in your face."

Then the people christened him afresh. He was no longer "El Pequeño" (the little fellow), but "El Cojo" (the lame one), and he had to come out again and again, and the Queen threw him a gold cigarette case. When he left the ring, he left it as the first espada in Spain. So the Duke said, and he knew.

After one more Sunday the sports were over for the year, and then Juan obtained an engagement as first espada for the next season, with a salary of £10,000.

He had resolved never to go near Lola again. But one day José came to him and said she was suffering from his absence.

"She is too proud to tell you so," he said, "but I know that she loves you. And they are poor now, she and her mother, while you are rich and might help them."

This decided Juan to go and see Lola again, and gradually the old relations established themselves once more.

When the next season began, Juan accomplished for the first time his trick of killing the bull immediately after it entered the ring, and before it had been tired at all. From that day forward, the people made an idol of him. He could not walk in the streets without being cheered, and a crowd followed wherever he went and great nobles asked him to their houses.

One day Lola suddenly asked him why he didn't get 'José made an espada. At first he replied that he did not think he was suited to be one, but she insisted so much that at last he consented to go to the Director and ask this favour of him. The Director made all sorts of objections, and only consented when Juan said that if this favour were not granted him, he would give up working altogether.

When José entered the ring for the first time as an espada, he cer-

tainly looked the part to perfection. Never was there a more splendid figure of a man, and he was radiant in silver and blue. Just before the sports began, Lola drew Juan aside and said:

"You'll see that he succeeds, won't you?" and Juan promised that he would do what he could. So when Juan saw that the bull José ought to kill was vicious, he told off the work to another espada, and so got José an easy bull, which he took good care to get tired out first.

José was not a coward, but he had not the peculiar nerve needed for the business. As it was, he acquitted himself passably; but if Juan had not been there, he would certainly have come to grief.

After the performance José was in the highest spirits, and as pleased as possible with himself.

Lola was very anxious that Juan should use his good offices to get José a permanent engagement. The Director was not at all inclined to agree to this, and spoke of José as rather a bungler, but when Juan defended him and insisted, he at last agreed to engage him for the next four Sundays.

This was better than Juan had anticipated, and he hurried off to tell José the good news. He met Lola's mother coming down the stairs, and thought she semed to signal to someone behind her. She said rather nervously that José was not at home.

"Never mind," said Juan carelessly, "I'll go upstairs to his room and wait."

"No," she said, "you can't do that; José wouldn't like it."

This seemed very strange to Juan, as they had no secrets from one another. But she persisted, and grew strangely hot and excited, and Juan gave way and left the house. But when he had gone half-way down the street, his wonder changed to suspicion, and he reflected that José was evidently not out, and he asked himself who it was that he must not see.

As he stopped to reflect, he saw Lola's mother come out of the house, and he had only time to take refuge in the porch of a shop before she gazed anxiously up and down the street. The porch afforded an admirable opportunity of seeing without being seen, and presently there came out of José's house a form he knew only too well. With stately even step, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, Lola walked down the street with her mother.

Five minutes later José swung out of his doorway in the full costume of an espada.

It was easy to understand what had happened. Lola and her mother had been to see José, and this must mean that the two were to be married. The intimacy between them dated from the time when Juan was laid up and pronounced useless. Lola had never any real affection for Juan, and so she had followed her inclination and tried to win José.

Then, when Juan recovered, José had started a little conspiracy, which had resulted in Juan giving money to the girl's mother and saving José the necessity of helping them. He had also made use of Juan's love for the girl to secure his own advancement in the bull-ring.

Juan ground his teeth and determined that he would turn the tables on the conspirators. He ran after José, and, with an elaborate affectation of heartiness, slapped him on the back, and told him of the engagement he had obtained. José was in the seventh heaven, and went off to trumpet the news from coffee-house to coffee-house

Lola's mother played her part in the comedy.

"Don't you think, Castrillo," she would say, "that Lola is getting pale and thin? It is for love of you, you know. She should marry soon."

This did not amuse him. When the mother tried to play with him, the inconceivable stupidity of his former blind trust became a torture to him. One evening José congratulated Lola on Juan's love for her, and joked about their marriage. Then Juan felt the time had come to drop the curtain and make an end.

He went to his friend the blacksmith and gave him a letter, to be opened in a week. There were three inclosures in it—one for himself, one for the mother of José, and one for the mother of Lola, and each held £600.

As they cheated him for money, he reflected, money they should have—with his contempt.

When Sunday came, José was more nervous than he had been before. As his bull came into the ring he asked hurriedly:

"You'll stand by me, won't you, Castrillo?"

And Juan replied:

"I will stand by you as you have stood by me."

"Yes, of course, we've always been friends," he replied nervously.

"I shall be as true to you as you have been to me," Juan replied, and he moved to his right hand and looked at the bull.

He could not have picked a better. In its eye he saw steady courage and cold rage that would never yield, and he exulted and promised himself revenge. He held the bull's eyes with his own, and as he felt that José had levelled his sword and was on the point of striking, Juan moved his head upwards, and, as he moved so the brave bull moved too.

Then all the ring seemed to swim round him, as he heard the shouts of the people, and saw the crowd rise.

A few hours afterwards he went to see Lola. Her mother met him at the door with tears running down her cheeks. She told him that José was dead, and that Lola had fainted, and been carried home.

Juan pushed his way upstairs, and, when he came into the room where Lola was, he folded his arms, and looked at her.

She rose, and moved slowly back to the wall, and her stare grew wild with surprise and horror, and then she said:

"You did it, I see it in your face."

And his heart throbbed with joy, as he said in the same whisper, imitating her: "Yes, I did it."

She poured forth a torrent of abuse at him.

Then he laughed and said:

"You forget that you made him an espada, not I. It is you who killed him."

But she only groaned and fell face forwards on the floor. Then he went downstairs, and told her mother to attend to her.

Next morning she had a fit and died.

Juan never appeared in the bull-ring again. He had saved some thousands of pounds, and on the interest of this, he lived for many years in quiet retirement in his native village.

When he was on his deathbed, he related the whole story to a friend, who asked him if he did not feel any remorse.

"Remorse? Yes. I feel remorse that I let him be killed by a bull like an honest espada. I ought to have torn his throat out with my own hands."

JOHN CASTLES

Digitized by Google

# PUTTING DOWN A CARPET.

**Mr. Smith has a Troublesome Time.**

THERE are times in the life of a man of family when he feels like throwing himself entirely away, never more to be heard from; and one of these trying times is when he has a carpet to lay down, especially if the carpet is too small for the room, and it must be made to fit by stretching, and he has to do the stretching himself.

Smith fell upon trying times one night recently, and from my heart I pitied the poor fellow.

He laid in a supply of tacks, borrowed a hammer from a neighbour, and went to work after supper. The carpet was unrolled, and Smith noticed its shortcomings. He figured up the length and breadth of the room, then of the carpet.

It was nearly nine o'clock before he reached anything like a correct estimate of the fitness of his carpet for his room. His wife added her knowledge of arithmetic to his own scanty store, and between them the problem was solved, and preparations completed to make a 16 by 18 carpet fit a 19 by 20 room.

Smith spread out the woollen plaster in one corner and commenced to tack it down.

The first tack turned over before the hammer reached it, and Smith stuck a smashed finger in his mouth. The tack went home, and then Smith stretched the carpet for another drive.

Finally the carpet was fast in one corner, and then Smith bethought himself to tack it in another corner. Moving a couple of heavy trunks, turning over the washstand and breaking the basin and jug, did not deter him from his purpose.

Smith is a man of most firm resolution. When Smith had worn all the skin off his fingers stretching one side, his wife discovered that the carpet was upside down. The double process of ripping up the carpet and ripping out indignant expressions was here instituted, and now the thing went down right.

The carpet-laying business was going on swimmingly, Smith was hammering away happily, whistling "Down on the carpet you must kneel," the children were playing all sorts of games, the wife was straining her weak back trying to move the wardrobe out of the way, when a message comes from the landlady, saying that, as there was a lady ill in the next room, and company in the parlour underneath, less noise would be highly appreciated.

To comply with her request, Smith tied one of his wife's stockings over the face of the hammer, and attempted to drive home the tacks, but the best stockings his wife ever had (so she said) soon presented the appearance of having been gnawed by hungry rats.

Smith's wife saw how her property was being destroyed, and laid an embargo on the proceeding, accompanied with a threat to lay the shovel on Smith's head. Then he tried a new plan.

He started the tack with his thumb, then hit it lightly with the hammer; then he'd wait awhile, as if for the musical sound to die away before he would give it another lick.

During these intervals Smith mentally calculated how long it would take him to put down the carpet at that rate. He found that it would take him just two weeks, including Sundays.

Here he rested from his labours. He resolved upon a new departure—one good lick to each tack, and his wife to give the rest when the invalid got well.

It was a capital idea, and Smith put it into execution at once, forgetting to let his wife know anything about it until the job was done.

The idea worked well. He got three sides of the room done in no time. But when he went to stretch the carpet, preparatory to nailing it down on the fourth side, the half-driven tacks broke loose from their moorings, and the tortured carpet went adrift.

It was really too bad! Smith sat down on his wife's toilet-set and wept—not because he wished the carpet somewhere else, but because he was tired. The children, bless their dear souls! took in the situation at a glance, and sympathised with their dear papa by turning over the table on his pet corn.

But, as I said before, Smith was a man of firm resolution. He did not howl with pain over the calamity that had befallen his corn, nor give that as an excuse for letting the carpet alone, as many a fond parent would have done under similar circumstances; but he took up an idle razor-strop, and the way he caressed the round places on his eldest boy's body was a sight to see.

Then he went back to his work somewhat recuperated by the diversion. He retacked the broken-loose carpet with two licks to the tack, regardless of noise and invalids. Again the three sides were attached to the floor, and an attempt was made to stretch the fourth into position.

But it wouldn't stretch. The more Smith would pull, the less the carpet would come; and, when he did get it right, the plaguey tack would turn over before he could get his hand on the hammer.

Smith began to get excited. The piano in the parlour beneath struck up "Sweet Violets," and if there is anything in this world that Smith does really despise, it is that. It was enough to drive him crazy; but in the firmness of his resolution he hammered his tacks, mashed his fingers, and smothered his groans in silence.

Just about three o'clock in the morning he got up, stretched his cramped limbs, yawned, and announced the job completed. He laid down and slept an hour.

Then he awoke, and looked at his last night's adventure. The carpet was on the floor—he knew that much; and if the stripes looked like a row of crooked rivers, he didn't care—he had done his best.

It was a bad night's work for Smith. The neighbours called in, and not a soul of them went away without expressing admiration of the way in which the job was done; and beside, they all exacted from Mr. Smith a promise that when they got their new carpet Smith should lay it for them.

I saw Smith the other morning *en route* for the station. He said he was going to Buxton. What a man of his health wants at Buxton is more than I can conjecture.

A. F. S.

Digitized by Google

# "AS A MAN SOWS."

**By HENRY FARMER.**

**Beware the woman with ruddy hair,**
**For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare**
**That spelleth woe to Malyon's heir.**

*Extract from a document in the possession the Malyon family.*

**Author of "Fettered Lives."**

## PROLOGUE.

It was a night unfit for a dog to be out in!

The storm had arisen suddenly: a dropping of the wind, an ominous silence, then a livid streak of lightning, a crash like volleyed artillery, and a pelting straight downpour of rain.

Gilbert Malyon had lost his way hopelessly. He might be heir to, and only son of, Sir Royle Malyon; but the elements make no distinctions. Had he been the veriest tramp in creation they could not have treated him more scurvily.

He had dismounted from his bicycle. His lamp was burning badly. Save when a flash split the blackness, it was hardly possible to see a yard ahead. The rain had drenched him to the skin.

Three leagues—so the Frenchman had told him at the last inn—to Bonneville, where some luggage awaited him, and he had arranged to meet a newly-made boon companion, a worshipper, like himself, at the shrines of Venus and Bacchus. But he had been pedalling for more than an hour before being overtaken by the storm. He must have gone wrong somewhere.

"I may as well push on as go back!" shivered out Gilbert Malyon with an oath.

He dashed the wet from his eyes, and splashed forward with a savage desperation.

"Confound it!" he muttered presently. "I believe the lamp's going out!"

He stopped to turn up the wick. The flame shot up; then burnt low again.

"Of all the—— Hullo, Heaven be thanked for that!"

A shimmer of light had broken the blackness ahead; but a moment later it was merged in the dazzling glare of a lightning flash. When he glanced blinkingly forward again, the light had vanished.

"A cart or something," he groaned, "gone round a bend of the road. No. There it is again. And it doesn't seem to have shifted."

As he spoke, the light disappeared.

For a third and last time the light flashed and vanished. A momentary sensation of creepiness came over Sir Royle Malyon's son and heir.

When the lightning zigzagged again, he had covered another hundred yards. Ahead of him, a little distance from the roadside, previously screened by a clump of trees, rose up a gabled house, for an instant standing out as clearly defined as in daylight. No light broke the darkness that followed.

Another fork of flame splintered the sky. He was level with a high wall, double gates set within. He groped his way to the gates. They were unlocked. He wheeled his bicycle through.

Away to his right a thin pencil of light struggled out from somewhere. But the intervening darkness was intense. Taking his bicycle lamp from its bracket, he flashed its dying light on the ground, and followed the curving path. He was level with the pencil of light, evidently issuing from a window on the ground floor, when his lamp went out.

He stifled an oath. He would not risk running his head against a wall, or tumbling into shrubs, or breaking his neck down some slope. He would push up to the window, knock, and apologise afterwards for his unorthodox method of introducing himself. Much would be excused a man on such a night. He moved towards the light; then all but fell up a slight slope. Resting his bicycle against it, he groped his way up.

As if enraged at the prospect of losing its victim, the rain pelted down more furiously than ever as he reached the shuttered window from which the light was issuing, and peered through a chink.

"Oh, God!"

The whispered words came chokingly from his white lips as though a hand gripped him by the throat. His eyes were staring wide with horror!

At the head of a table, white with snowy linen, and glittering with glass and plate, half-lay, half-sat a man in evening dress. His head hung loosely over the low-backed chair. The face, with its half-closed eyes, was turned towards the window. On the white shirt-front a red splash, like a star-shaped order—the blood-stained order of the knife!

The door of the room opened.

A woman, cloaked and hooded, entered swiftly, her face invisible to the unseen watcher. She darted to the table, snatched up the lamp, dashed it to the floor. A sheet of flame leapt up, like a red veil.

Then a forked flash of lightning and a deafening peal of thunder as though Heaven had witnessed and clamoured for vengeance!

Malyon reeled away from the window. His tongue was partially loosened. He uttered a choking, helpless cry; then, missing his foothold, pitched forward and rolled down the slope on to the gravel path. Someone was passing through the gates behind him.

As he gathered himself up, a second splintering flash turned darkness into livid light. A woman, moving swiftly, but in that brief fraction of time seeming motionless, confronted Malyon—then darkness again. Only a brief second of light; but every feature of a beautiful, cruel face was branded indelibly on his brain!

Another flash, but not of lightning. A blow from behind had felled him to the ground!

When next the lightning proper illumined the night, the gravel path was deserted, save for a motionless figure lying outstretched, not far away from a bicycle.

Presently a crackling mingled with the splash and rattle of rain. A red tongue of flame leapt out of the gabled house; drew in hissingly; then shot out again to battle the hostile element.

* * * * *

In the great oak-panelled dining-room of Malyon Hall, Sir Royle Malyon sat breakfasting in lonely state.

Sir Royle's hair and moustache might be iron-grey, and the proud, hawk-like face lined and care-worn, but his figure was slim and upright as a young man's. Miles, the white-headed butler of many years' service, noting the bitterness of his master's expression, inwardly wondered if the news that Luke Riordan was back in the village had reached him. His question was answered.

"Miles, if Riordan comes here, he is not to be admitted."

With the words Sir Royle strode over to a bureau and picked up a framed photograph, the likeness of his only

son and heir. He eyed it half-bitterly, half-contemptuously.

"And one day," muttered the baronet, "he will be master here—perhaps turn the place into a tavern. He's not even inherited the Malyon pluck. And now he's skulking somewhere, Heaven knows where, raising money, I suppose, on his expectations, whilst I have to face the music and do the ignominious work of smothering up his recklessness. Bah! it sickens me! Sometimes I wish——"

He pulled open a drawer of the bureau and placed the photograph within, where it was destined to lie until——

"A cottager's daughter—and the child!" whispered Sir Royle fiercely. Yet there was one thing to be thankful for. His son had not married her! That, in the race-proud aristocrat's eyes, would have been the deeper sin.

Then a shadow fell athwart the open windows. A moment later a man stood on the threshold. A gaunt, tall, big-boned man, his swarthy, rough-bearded face tanned by the sun. The black, frizzly hair, the dark eyes suggested a strain of gipsy blood.

Sir Royle's face went black as a thunder cloud.

"Go!" he said, with a commanding gesture, "before I have you turned out by my servants. How dare you?"

Luke Riordan stepped into the room.

"How dare I?" he answered quietly, but with a fierce flashing of the gipsy eyes. "Well, I do dare, that's all! Ring for your servants? I know better. Your infernal pride will stop you doing that. I might speak out. Not that they don't know. But it pays 'em better to live a lie."

"What is it you want?" said Sir Royle.

The man did not flinch under his withering glance.

"Not your money! I want to know when your son's going to make my sister an honest woman. That's what I want. I've been looking for him myself to put that question to him. I've travelled many a mile since I was last here."

Sir Royle winced. A Malyon marry a cottager's daughter! It was enough to make the dead Malyons turn in their coffins.

"You are going too far!" he answered hoarsely.

"Too far?" said Luke Riordan with the same grim quietness. "How d'ye make that out? Too far! Asking your son to do what's right by the girl he's deceived. Too far? I don't follow you!"

Sir Royle bit his lips.

"Go!" he commanded, "you're like the rest. You helped to set the trap; hoped, through the intrigues of a woman, either to make money or drag yourself up into a better position. Go!"

There was a moment of intense silence. The two men eyed one another. Neither flinched.

"I'm going," said Riordan quietly, though the veins were standing out on his forehead and his eyes seemed on fire; "Nell, a wanton! When she loved and loves him still. When her fault was loving and trusting too much. Hark'ee, Sir Royle, you know where your son is right enough. You may send him this message."

Sir Royle pointed to the open windows.

"Tell him," went on Luke Riordan, "that if it means following him round the world I'm going to find him. And when I've found him—as I shall—I shall stick to him, night and day, and he'll have to come back along with me and marry my sister Nell. He'll have to come——"

He moved towards the windows, then turned round.

"He'll have to come, else, sure as there's a God above us, I'll swing for him!"

* * * * *

Night—a starless night—a year later.

The melancholy hoot of an owl breaks the stillness of Rushford churchyard.

Midway between the lych-gate and the ivy-clad, square turreted church, a little distance from the path, rises up the Malyon vault, grey, grim, and square, the black marble shields upon it bearing the names and honours of those lying within.

Much has happened since, but little more than a year ago, Luke Riordan and Sir Royle Malyon looked each other in the face.

In a quiet corner of the churchyard is a grave, the grass not yet growing upon it, where sleeps Nell Riordan and her babe.

In the distance twinkle out the lights of the "Malyon Arms." The village gossips, foregathered there, are busy with their tongues to-night. Some approve, some disapprove.

"For my own part," quavers out Mat Gummer, the village sexton, "just as that Radical chap what wos 'ere last 'lection time believes in one man, one vote, so I believes in one man, one wife. It's all been mighty quick work, and I should ha' thought they'd 'ave been married elsewhere!"

On the morrow Sir Royle Malyon takes unto himself a second wife. On the morrow the bells will be jangling forth a pæan, and tenants and villagers, in their best attire, will watch Royle lead his bride from the church.

Still a silence over the churchyard, though a strange, mis-shapen figure is creeping over the turf to the new-made grave in the quiet corner. It is a little cripple, with a huge head and a shrunken body and limbs. The handwriting of pain is on the wizened face, the great eyes gleam like glow-lamps.

"A bit daft," they say of him in the village. He strews some flowers on the grave and mutters to himself. Then he steals away, and is lost among the shadows.

After a while, a tap, tap, tap—like some ghostly wood-pecker at work—breaks the stillness!

* * * * *

Happy the bride on whom the sun shines!

Never had a fairer day dawned than Sir Royle Malyon's second wedding day.

The village is all alive and agog. Quaint old men in smock frocks, others in antiquated tall hats and clothes of a bye-gone generation, farmers and their buxom wives, young country fellows, lasses bright with ribbons, line either side of the path leading from the lych-gate to the church door. All eyes are turned towards the church.

The wedding march is pealing out. They are coming from the church.

His head thrown proudly back, his body slim and erect, Sir Royle Malyon looks a younger man than when he last faced Luke Riordan. The sunlight flashes down on the beautiful woman who leans upon his arm. Her massive coils of red-gold hair gleam through the veil like burnished copper.

Mr. Grimwood, following some distance behind with the others, catches a glimpse of the glinting hair, and recalls a doggerel rhyme.

Bride and bridegroom pass along slowly.

Most eyes are on the bride now. Suddenly she stops and clutches her husband's arm. Her eyes are staring over the heads of those who line one side of the path to where the Malyon vault looms up grimly in the background.

Instinctively men and women turn their heads. A chorussed gasp goes up.

Carved in the grey granite, big and deep, are the words:

MURDER WILL OUT.

"As a Man Sows" commences in the Easter Bank Holiday Number of *Pearson's Weekly*, one penny. The above is only a portion of the first instalment, and you can continue reading this absorbing drama of real life by getting *Pearson's Weekly* on March 27th.

# THE SAVING OF THE BANK.

## A Story of a Girl's Bravery.

THE greatest case of feminine bravery and devotion that ever came under my notice, said my friend, who had been a prominent detective in his day, was that of Margaret Whitley, the daughter of the doorkeeper of the bankers, Messrs. Bangshaw Brothers, in a small Wiltshire town, about the year 1864.

On the eventful night in question, Margaret's father had been sent out of town on business for the firm, and she was the sole occupant of the rooms in which they dwelt, directly over the bank. She had fallen asleep upon a sofa, and was aroused by the sound of stealthily approaching feet over the carpeted stairway, just outside her door.

She rose hurriedly, but somehow never thought of burglars, inasmuch as the little town had enjoyed a singular immunity from such visits for many years. Nevertheless, she hesitated as she took the lighted candle from her work-table and approached the door, for the sounds, if, indeed, she had not imagined them, had suddenly ceased. Then, with a sudden impulse she threw the door wide open.

She had no sooner done so than two masked men suddenly sprang upon her. The light was dashed from her hand, their strong arms held her in a vice-like grip, and before she could utter a cry, a voice whispered:

"Make the slightest sound and you're a dead woman! Do as you are told, and no harm shall befall you."

Margaret Whitley was as brave as steel. She felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her forehead, and a hundred agitated speculations as to how they had effected an entrance through the carefully secured lower doors surged through her mind, but she accepted the situation at once, and, retaining perfect self-control, she replied, in a low voice:

"Only release me, and tell me what it is I must do."

They released her, after a moment's consultation, and relighted the candle, by which she could see that their faces were covered with black crape veils in which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth; and they seemed shod with some felt-like material that deadened the sound of their footsteps considerably.

One of the men quickly and silently searched the room, while the other stood guard over her. The former presently returned, dangling a bunch of keys.

"Whose keys are these, and what do they open?" was asked the girl, in a low, commanding voice.

"They are my father's keys," said Margaret, "and they open the different rooms and places downstairs."

"Do they open the cellar and the strong-box in which the money is kept?"

"No; one of them opens the door at the top of the cellar stairs. The key of the door at the bottom of the cellar steps, and the key of the strong-box are not upon that bunch."

"Where are those two keys?"

"One pass-key is in the possession of the elder Mr. Bangshaw; the other is in the possession of Mr. Hosea, the cashier. No one can obtain admission to the cellar during their absence."

"Come downstairs with us," said the man holding immediate guard over her.

And clutching her firmly by the wrist, but in other respects acting with perfect politeness towards her, he led her down till they reached the ground-floor of the bank, the second man following closely behind.

As they went down the lower flight, Margaret was surprised to see another figure—that of a woman, who was clothed in a dark mantle from head to foot—who further lighted their progress down with the slender ray of a lantern in her hand.

"Is it not possible," said Margaret's chief captor, when they had reached the foot of the stairs, "that one or other of the pass-keys may be locked in the desk of the private office?"

"It is possible, but not likely," was the calm reply.

At the leader's command, Margaret pointed out the key that opened the door of the private office and the desk at which the Bangshaw Brothers generally sat, one facing the other.

A small jet of gas, commonly used for melting sealing-wax, was then lighted; a bag, containing a number of housebreaking implements, swathed in thick folds of flannel, was next produced; and the desk drawers were speedily forced open and searched. But no key was to be found.

"Five minutes' honest labour lost," muttered the chief robber, turning away with an imprecation. "We must try the persuasive powers of our flannel-clothed friends."

He consulted in whispers with his companions a moment, and then requested Margaret to point out the key that opened the top cellar-door, saying that they would have to burst open the lower one. She indicated the proper key, when he resumed:

"I must compliment you on your sensible conduct in this affair. Now, however, you must excuse me if I am compelled to make you a prisoner for a while. Dear friend, the cord."

The last words were addressed to the masked woman, who up to this time had been a mere looker-on, but who now started into sudden activity. She placed Margaret with her back to a large iron pillar, which supported the ceiling, and then, producing from some hidden pocket a coil of long, thin cord, she proceeded to tie Margaret firmly to the pillar. Her arms were left at liberty till the last, when they were bound together at the wrists

with a band of some strong woven stuff, which held them as securely as if they had been riveted there.

"You see, I would not cause you unnecessary pain," said the courteous burglar, when all was made fast; "and to have fastened your arms down to your sides for a couple of hours would have been the refinement of cruelty. But one point still remains. You must give me your word of honour that you will not cry out, or in any way call for assistance while here; otherwise I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of having you gagged."

"I give you my word," assented the doorkeeper's daughter, after a moment of silent thought, "not to cry out while I remain here."

She began to breathe more freely when they left her to herself, as they now at once did, with no other company than the tiny, faintly-burning gas-jet already mentioned, by which she could just make out the familiar features of the old-fashioned, but richly-furnished private office of the banker brothers.

A few desperate efforts to free herself only served to convince her of their futility. Then she resigned herself to her bonds, and began to think. She knew that, before a single sovereign in the Bangshaw Brothers' strong-box could be touched, the burglars would have to force open two iron doors of immense strength; and knowing but little of the modern improvements in the science of housebreaking, she made no doubt that those doors would prove impregnable to all attempts.

Her chief anguish of thought lay in the impression that the robbers would give up their efforts at daybreak, and leave her release to those who would open the bank at the usual hour—ten o'clock; and eight or ten hours of this sort of imprisonment she was now suffering were terrible to look forward to.

These and other thoughts were still in her head, when the masked woman came gilding noiselessly back into the office, for the purpose of seeing that her prisoner was still safe.

"You have been trying to escape, and find that you cannot," said she, re-adjusting a knot or two. "Take my advice and rest quietly. At such a time as this we do not stick at trifles."

And she again stole out of the office, leaving Margaret wondering who she could be. Many more dreary minutes passed, and her cramped attitude, and the tightness of the cords that bound her, gradually caused her such intense pain that she could scarcely refrain from crying out.

Suddenly, in the midst of her torture, a thought flashed into her brain that left no room for anything else but surprise and delight. There, right before her eyes, was suddenly revealed to her at one glance a sure and speedy mode of escape.

The pillar to which Margaret was tied was within a short yard of the desk that had been broken open; and right upon the edge of this desk was the upright gas-pipe from which sprang the small jet, still burning, of which mention has already been made.

By stretching out her arms, Margaret could hold her wrists directly over the desk, and let the flame burn away the band by which they were bound together.

She knew the terrible scorching pain that it would inevitably cost her, but she did not hesitate an instant. She at once thrust out her hands with a swift movement, and so held them extended, while the jet of bluish flame played on her wrists and the bands that secured them.

She shut her eyes, held her breath, locked her teeth, and her eyebrows came together in a wreathing frown of supreme anguish. Over and round the delicate skin and beating pulse the scorching fire-snake wound and wound, with its searing bite, its excruciating embrace, and presently the encompassing band burst into flame. Even then she did not falter, though it seemed that her very soul would shriek forth from its tenement.

In a few moments—moments that seemed hours—the blazing ligature gave way. Her hands were free, but blackened, blistered, almost cindered, they fell helpless to her sides. Then she gave a great sob, and almost fainted. But the returning knowledge of her peril, and of the great work she had set out to do (her father's retention of his situation in the bank might depend upon it), re-nerved her, and with a great effort she began to pull herself together.

In spite of the pain in her wrist, she began with nimble fingers to loosen one of the knots in the cord by which she was fastened to the post. This offered no great opposition to her efforts; and the first knot loosened, the rest quickly followed. In two or three minutes more Margaret Whitley was free.

She breathed a deep, silent prayer of thanksgiving, though it was some time before she could move her limbs with freedom. The next thing to do was evidently to make her escape from the bank without alarming the thieves in the treasure cellar, if that were possible, and then raise such an alarm as would cause their arrest before they could make off with their booty.

Taking off her shoes, she stole out of the office to the head of the cellar stairs, up which a faint ray of light was shining, and peeped down. Before reaching this point she heard voices—broken, faint, and hollow—issuing from below, with now and then a dull, solid thud, like the muffled blow of some heavy implement.

Now, as she looked down she saw that the door at the foot of the stairs had been forced open, and that the burglars were working upon the great safe itself. One of the men was busy with a flannel-swathed crowbar, which he was using as a lever to pry open one of the safe-doors; the second man was drilling holes in the other door with a very strange-looking implement, the like of which Margaret had never seen before; while the woman was lighting these operations with a lamp, held aloft in one hand. These had their backs to the staircase.

This entire picture Margaret's eyes took in at a glance. They took in one thing more—the bunch of keys with which they had opened the door at the head of the stairs. This bunch of keys was lying on the lower landing, close to the cellar door that had been forced open. Could she but obtain possession of it, she saw not only a way of escape for herself, but a way by which the thieves might be caught in their own trap.

The peril was tremendous! the chance apparently but one in a hundred, of her being able to creep down so softly as not to even cause them to turn a glance in her direction (which, of course, would seal her fate), and then creep back with the keys and close the trap upon them by means of the heavy spring-lock door at the top.

But it was the only course open to her, desperate as it was, and she adopted it with characteristic boldness and fearlessness.

Slowly, inch by inch, and with no more sound than a shadow, she stole into the doorway, and then down the staircase, step by step, counting them one by one by the palpitation of her own heart as she proceeded.

She reached the bottom of the steps, fifteen in all, without causing them to turn and look.

The next difficulty was to pick up the keys which were threaded on a steel ring, without detection.

Even this difficulty was conquered at last. She took the keys up from the floor without so much as a rustle, and had proceeded three steps on her perilous upward journey, when a scream from the woman in the cellar, mingled with a shouted command for her to stop, told her that she was discovered, and she fairly flew up the remaining steps.

There was a sharp report of a pistol, and, as Margaret set foot on the topmost step, she felt something strike her near the shoulder-blade. But she staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly round, and flung herself—head, arms, body—against the oaken door, which, yielding to her strength, turned on its well-oiled hinges and, with a little triumphant click, shut up, as in a trap, the three thieves below.

Without the key, this door, which locked of itself when pushed to, could be opened neither from one side nor the other; with the key it could be opened on either side. Hence the necessity for Margaret to obtain, at every risk, the bunch of keys, which, besides several others, contained the particular one belonging to this oaken door.

She had hardly closed it securely, before she heard the two men inside tearing and beating at it like madmen, in their desperate efforts to get out.

She knew they could not do so in a hurry, however; and, as she was now left completely in the dark, she groped her way along the corridor and back into the private office, where the small gas-jet was still burning.

She stood there a minute or two bewildered, not knowing which way to turn next. Then she experienced an odd, numb sensation in her left shoulder, and putting her hand up to it, withdrew it marked with blood.

This was almost more than she could bear, and it was only her strong sense of a duty unfulfilled that kept her from fainting.

Still holding her bunch of keys, she ran out of the office, and down a passage that led to the side entrance of the bank. She was trembling all over now, and had hardly strength enough remaining to unfasten the heavy outer door. At last she flitted out, and sped down the silent street in search of assistance.

Fortunately, upon reaching the first corner she nearly tumbled into the arms of a policeman, who was coming from the opposite direction. What sort of incoherent story she told him she could never afterwards quite remember; but it must have been to the purpose. The policeman at once summoned some comrades to his assistance, and a strong posse of officers reached the bank, and took the burglars into custody.

It turned out that the rascals were none others than a certain so-called Major Woolford, his wife, and his servant, who had some four months previously become the tenants of an empty house that stood next door to the bank. Of course they were subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced.

As for brave Margaret Whitley, she not only became the heroine of the hour, but more substantial advantages accrued to her and hers through her heroism and devotion.

Her father was considerably advanced in the employment of the bank, and she herself was rewarded so liberally by the grateful Bangshaw Brothers that she was enabled at once to marry an honest fellow who had long loved her, and been loved in return, their mutual poverty having heretofore been the only obstacle to their union.

M. W.

## Are Women Fully Appreciated.

To the Editor of *Short Stories*:

Dear Sir,—Writing as a woman in this controversy, I think that if, as "A Mere Man" suggests, every woman tried to keep herself "bright, sparkling, cheery and pretty," the sex would be far more deeply appreciated. At the same time "A Mere Man" forgets that women have not the physical strength to bear the common ailments which afflict humanity with the same ease as men. Can their lot be made lighter in this respect? I have proved that it can. Women readers who have tried them will bear me out in the statement that Bile Beans are Nature's greatest remedy for headache, fretfulness, nervousness, that "run down and don't care sensation," and for the other common ailments which go to make the woman in the home cross and unattractive. Bile Beans I have found to so tone up the nerves that one does not get "bothered to death" over household details, and they so improve the system that one's strength is duly renewed, and hard work does not rob one of the pleasure of living. They are not expensive, and if introduced into every home, would, I believe, make the woman of the home more appreciated because they would make her more healthy, more attractive, and more even-tempered.

ONE WHO HAS PROVED THEM.


**SULPHOLINE LOTION.**

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

**KAPUTINE**

The Best & Safest Remedy for

**HEADACHE.**

NURSE HILL, of the London Association of Nurses, writes:

"I have seen Kaputine administered to many patients, and can truly say it is a remedy which should have a place in every household."

All Leading Chemists sell KAPUTINE, 1/-. Samples One Penny.

If your Chemist has not KAPUTINE send his name and address to C.G.KAPUTINE, HUDDERSFIELD and we will send you SAMPLES FREE.

**WORTH A CROWN A DOSE.**

# The Prize He Won.

**How Ned Clifton's Reward Came Too Late.**

"I've got no luck," said Ned Clifton, as he watched the crowds on the street below.

It was Easter Eve and snowing.

"I've got no luck," he repeated, looking at the flakes that hovered like moths about the city lamps.

He had not reached thirty years. Below the shabby-genteel standard, an unsuccessful writer, to whom even the gates of Bohemia were all but closed.

"I thought my story I sent to the Easter prize competition would have brought me something, but it was not even available, or it would have been noticed in the list published. I don't blame them. Still, if I only had the postage I inclosed for its return, I could——Oh! What's the use of wishing and thinking!"

He laughed, throwing himself on his bed.

The room grew colder, and the odour from his smoking lamp nauseated him. Going to the window he gathered a handful of snow and ate it.

Restless footsteps on the floor below told him he was waited for by his landlady. He listened in the hall until he heard the door below loudly slam.

"Ah!" he thought. "She has given me up for to-night, poor lady!"

Three days without food had drawn largely on his physical strength, and had nearly exhausted his moral courage.

Waiting a few minutes longer, and hearing no further sound, he went quietly down the steps and left the house, for he knew nor cared not where.

Easter had come early. The snow covered the flower-laden crowds, among whom there were many he had known in happier days, who brushed him without a thought.

He was hungry—so hungry—not for bread alone, but for one gentle word only — only one kind look.

An hour's walk brought him to a street, from which he saw the roof of a building wherein some pigeon-hole or waste basket lay that in which he had placed all his hopes and faith—his manuscript.

"My story—the postage! They might return it to me," he thought in despair, forgetting the lateness of the hour.

He entered the building, and under the blaze of electric lights, was revealed, in every detail, his destitution. Realising his condition, his face flushed, and he rushed out into the streets again.

Shivering, he went on until, attracted by the heat of a grating in a pavement before a large restaurant, he stopped to enjoy, with other street waifs, the warmth, but not the savoury odours, which were to the starving man exquisite torture.

Through swinging doors of a pawnshop opposite he saw the coming and going of an endless human chain. He took from his pocket a miniature, incircled in a well worn frame of gold. He looked at it but for a moment, and, smiling sadly, as if ashamed of his thought, quickly replaced it in his pocket.

The clocks were striking eleven as he started for his room. On the way he found himself in a crowd who were leaving the theatre. Boys in grotesque costume were distributing packages to the men, and he felt one placed in his hand. It was an advertising sample of cigarettes.

"Is it providential, or a case of 'the devil looking after his own,'" he laughed grimly, and hurried on with that acme of enjoyment—anticipation.

Finding his house dark and quiet, he softly crept up to his room, and with a sigh of relief, closed the door.

He carefully took the tobacco from the paper wraps, filled his pipe and lighted it. Ah!

Drawing his chair before the window, he smoked—and dreamt. Dreamt of home, friends and bygone days. Of "youth and hope and that dear time," and—of her!

And then he no longer felt the cold, and the pangs of hunger were stayed.

The moon had not yet risen, the wind had shifted, and through parting clouds brightly shone the stars in Easter skies. The city lights, reflected by the snow, filled the room with a mellow glow.

His tobacco had burnt out, and in attempting to light it again he found only ashes in the bowl.

"Typical of my hopes—dead!" he sighed, wearily replacing it upon the sill.

He sat on the side of his bed, and taking the miniature again from his pocket he held it before him so that the reflected light fell full upon the fair young face. Passing his hand over it as if it were her own face:

"My darling! My darling!" he murmured. "You would care if you could only know."

In an instant his dreams vanished. Destitution, desolation and unmerited neglect deluged his soul. Throwing himself on to the pillow, he shed his manhood's first tears.

After the paroxysm of his grief had passed and his tears had ceased his sobs continued almost until dawn, but at intervals that grew longer and longer until they, too, had ceased. He was sleeping.

"Did you read Clifton's story this morning?" asked the cashier of the editor.

"Yes. Best thing he ever did. It should have been a prize-winner. I hope he got a 'fat' cheque for it, poor chap!" was the reply.

"He did. Clifton sent in his story some weeks ago, but through carelessness or accident it was overlooked. The chief came across it last night and rushed it through for to-day's paper. He sent him a cheque by messenger this morning, with a letter of congratulation, and offered him a position on the reportorial staff. The messenger has just returned with the letter, unclaimed."

"Couldn't find him, eh?" said the editor.

"Oh, yes, they found him!" returned the cashier quietly, as he rolled a cigarette. "They found him with his face buried in a pillow and his lips pressed upon the portrait of a young girl—dead!"

JOSEPH BAUGHER.

Digitized by Google

# PERSONAL MAGNETISM

**A College Chartered Under State Laws, With a Capital of $100,000, for the Purpose of Teaching Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism by Correspondence.**

## EVERYBODY MAY NOW LEARN.

**Ten Thousand Copies of a Valuable Work on These Sciences to Be Given Away to Advertise the College.**

The American College of Sciences of Philadelphia, Pa., is a novel institution. It is chartered under State laws, with a capital of $100,000, for the purpose of teaching Personal Magnetism, Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, etc., by correspondence.

At an expense of over $5,000 the college has issued a remarkable work on these sciences, ten thousand copies of which will be given away absolutely free. The book is elegantly illustrated with the most expensive engravings, and it is decidedly the finest and most comprehensive work of its kind ever published. It is the product of the combined talent of thirty distinguished hypnotic specialists and scientists. It thoroughly explains all the hidden secrets of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, etc. It is full of surprising experiences, and makes many startling disclosures in regard to the use and possibilities of this secret power.

The college absolutely guarantees that anyone can learn these sciences in a few days at home, and use the power without the knowledge of his most intimate friends.

The reporter asked for the names and addresses of some of the pupils so that he might communicate with them personally. Several hundred were offered, from which the reporter selected eighty-four. The replies received were more than sufficient to convince the most sceptical in regard to the wonderful benefits to be derived from this mighty power. There were absolutely no failures. All had learned to make practical use of the sciences. The following extracts are taken at random from the letters, for the benefit of readers:

J. H. Schneller, 1412 Avon Street, La Crosse, Wisconsin, writes: "Hypnotism truly reveals the secrets of life and the mysteries of nature. My own father could not have convinced me of its wonderful power if I had not actually tested it for myself. I consider a knowledge of it invaluable to those who wish to get the most out of life; to those who wish to achieve success and live up to the full measures of their possibilities."

Mrs. Effie M. Watson, Martinsville, Ind., writes: "Hypnotism opens the road to health, happiness and prosperity. It should be studied by everyone. I would not part with my knowledge of it for any amount. The instructions have developed within me a force of character, an ability to influence and control people that I did not dream I could acquire."

J. W. Clingen, M.D., Springfield, O., writes: "I have used the methods of hypnotism taught by the American College of Sciences in two cases of difficult surgical operations with perfect success. It is a complete anesthetic, and preferable to chloroform or ether. I acquired a practical knowledge of hypnotism in less than three days. The book is grand."

Rev. T. W. Butler, Ph.D., Idaho City, Idaho, writes: "I have cured a number of chronic cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia and paralysis of long standing; have not had a single failure; I consider a knowledge of Personal Magnetism invaluable. The book has greatly increased my own powers."

Dr W. P. Kennicutt, 520 State Street, Binghamton, N.Y., writes: "I had long suffered from nervous prostration and dyspepsia. My case baffled all medical skill. I studied hypnotism from the American College of Sciences, and tried it upon myself with surprising results. In one week my stomach was better than it had been in thirty years. I could eat anything without the slightest distress, I can hypnotise myself in five minutes and sleep all night; have hypnotised a number of others."

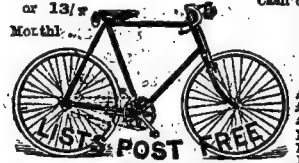
The first ten thousand persons who write to the American College of Sciences will receive, absolutely free, the marvellous book that brought success to the above persons. It is intensely interesting from start to finish. It should be in every home. If you want a copy, address Penny Postal Card to-day to the American College of Sciences, Department W L 13, 416—420 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., and you will receive the book by return mail.


Digitized by Google

**JUNO CYCLES** ARE THE VERY BEST FOR LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

£7-5-0 or 13/7 Monthly

Free Wheels. Carriage paid to all parts. Cash or 12 monthly payments.




£7 6s. ... 13/4
£7 15s. ... 14/2
£8 8s. ... 15/0
£9 5s. ... 16/8
£9 18s. ... 17/6
£11 0s. ... 20/0
£11 11s ... 21/0
£15 0s. ... 28/0

Bowden Brakes, 13/11; Al Rim Brake, 6/6; Scorcher Brake, 1/-. Trip Cyclometer, 1/9. Write at once for New Season's List of over 100 pages and over 500 illustrations of JUNO CYCLES and latest cycling accessories at lower prices than any other house. Sent Post Free. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co. Ltd., S.Y. Depts. 76 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

**UGLY NOSES.** Ray's Nose Machines reform Pug, Snub, Broad, Bottled, Crooked, or Prominent Noses. By H.M. Royal Letters Patent. Thousands improved. Particulars for stamp, Red Nose Cure, medically approved, 3/9. Book "Cause and Cure," 1/-. Ear machines, etc. Lees Ray (A 1), Specialist, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

**A GUARANTEED CURE.**

For ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS.

A victim, who was cured after five years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of an inexpensive, guaranteed Cure on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—PACIDERMA, 215 Piccadilly, London, W.

**CLERGY ENDORSE THEM.**

We sell a great many cycles to clergymen from all parts of United Kingdom and Colonies, on easy payments. No guarantors required, no references demanded. We supply persons of both sexes, all ages, all occupations. We want YOU to write for our circulars. We will deal with you as honourably by post as if you call. Mention S. S. when writing.

Symonds' London Stores, 66 Hatton Garden, London

**A Celebrated Nelson Watch & Chain**

**For One Day's Work.**

We send this Genuine 30-Hour Nickel-Plated WATCH, Warranted an ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER, with Chain and Pendant to Boys and Girls for Selling Seven Beautiful Pieces of Jewellery at 1s. each. Sterling Value. Send your full Name and Address (Post Card will do), by Return of Post, and we will at once forward the Box of Handsome Jewellery, Post Paid and a large Premium List. No Money Required. WE TRUST YOU. We send the Goods at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for them, and we send you the Watch, Chain and Pendant by Registered Post. THE NELSON MNFG. CO. 72, ALDERSGATE ST. LONDON, E.C.

**TOOTHACHE**
CURED INSTANTLY BY
**BUNTER'S NERVINE**
Prevents decay. Saves extraction. Sleepless nights prevented. It removes Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains. Of all Chemists 1/1½.

**KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS**
100 years worldwide use proves them the BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
Of all Chemists 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/6 per box.

**1/-, 2/6, 3/9, 5/- WEEKLY**
To introduce our 1902 Model, into each district we offer as advertisement, Carriage paid, SAMPLE, Lady's or Gent's £6 6s. Agents wanted. DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE Co., NORWICH.

**FREE TO THE RUPTURED**
A Sample of
**DEVELOPING LYMPHOL**

GEORGE JORDAN (from a Photo)

27, Bishopstone Road, Gloucester.

Mr. JORDAN was cured of a Rupture by this treatment after suffering seventeen years. I will send a sample and series of books on Rupture post paid in sealed package, to all afflicted persons that write.

Address: Dr. W. S. RICE, 157½ Stoneeutter St. London, E.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
**EPPS'S**
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
**COCOA**
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

**THE 'MARVEL' MONOGRAM BOX.** Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. 23A, 89 Aldersgate Street, London. Half actual size. **6D.** Post Free.

**VARICOCELE.**

Every Man suffering from Varicocele and its consequent nervous exhaustion speedily relieved and cured by the most advanced and rational method of treatment yet introduced. An Illustrated Circular giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures, sent free in a sealed envelope.—S. S. NORTON, 59 and 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C. Established over 30 years. Consultation Free.

**DRUNKENNESS**

CURED. This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, Mrs. C. H. (Room 8), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL**
and *10 Days' Free Trial*
Highest grade Cycles, fully warranted
1902 Models £2.10 to £5.10
1900 & 1901 Models £1.5 to £3.0
Carriage paid. ***Free Use of Cycle*** for a few hours' work, or EARN A CYCLE by distributing catalogues. ***Rider Agents Wanted*** one in each district. We sell accessories & sundries at half English prices. ***Earn £5 to £15*** weekly acting for us. *Write for Catalogs and special offer* using 2½d stamp or 1d postcard. Address Dept. 311-B.
***MEAD CYCLE CO.*** Chicago, U.S.A.

**A RARE CHANCE.**

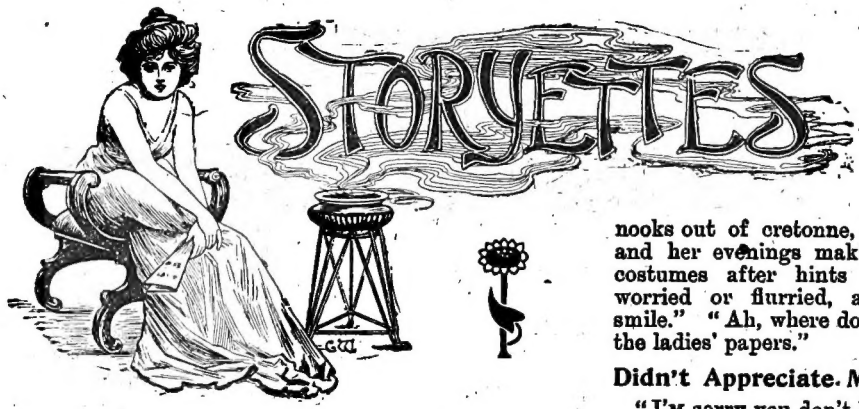
**FREE! FREE!**

We guarantee to give a reliable 5 years guaranteed Timekeeper, or two fashionable Real 18-ct. Gold cased Rings, to every Lady, Gentleman, Boy, or Girl who takes advantage of this genuine advertisement. We do not want your money, and, no matter the cost, we mean to increase the sale of our 1902 Silver Aluminium Thimbles. They are lighter than Silver, never tarnish, and will last a lifetime. Each Thimble is prettily embossed with the inscription "Remember Me," or "Forget Me Not." Send at once your full name and address with promise to sell 24 of these quick sellers at 2d. each or return those unsold. With your letter send 6d. in stamps towards expenses, to show us you mean business. When you have sold the Thimbles, send the balance of 3s. 6d., when we will at once post you the Handsome Present you select, and also tell you how you can make £2 10s. per week regular income.

GOLD & CO., No. 37, The Watch House, DELAMERE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
**BIRKBECK BANK,**
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.
2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS 2½%
repayable on demand
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager*.

***MACKINTOSH'S***
***EXTRA · CREAM · TOFFEE***
Is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!! DELICIOUS!!!
**PUREST OF THE PURE.**
**SPLENDID FOR A COLD.**
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
A Very Large Sample Packet sent post free for eight penny stamps.
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., The Toffee Mills, HALIFAX.
*Wholesale dealers should stock this Toffee as it sells at sight.*




### She Couldn't Help It.

Friend: "I wonder, Ethel, that you allowed that Frenchman to kiss you in the conservatory." Ethel: "I couldn't help it." Friend: "Why couldn't you?" Ethel: "Because I can't speak French."

### To Give Her Pleasure.

He: "Have you decided what to give your old aunt for a birthday present?" She: "No; but now I come to think of it, the poor old maid has had very little pleasure all her life; you might just write her an anonymous love-letter."

### His Expectations.

Angelina: "What did you tell papa about your prospects?" Edwin: "I said I had expectations from my uncle." Angelina: "Why, Edwin, you told me you had no relatives at all." Edwin: "Oh, yes, but I'm going to pawn my watch this evening."

### Where the Cathedral Was.

Stranger: "Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral?" Intelligent Native: "That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the further end you will see a public-house on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite."

### Knew He was Courting.

Anxious Mother: "My dear, I'm afraid William is getting into bad company. He is out late every night" Observing Father: "Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce his engagement soon." "He hasn't said a word about any young lady." "No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is covered with pin scratches."

### Why She Cried

He: "Did you read this horrible story?" She: "No; what is it about?" He: "A married woman got into a rage at the breakfast table and hurled a cup at her husband." She: "I daresay he did something to deserve it. Did she hit him?" He: "I should say she hit him. The cup was shivered to pieces, and one of the fragments struck her husband in the neck, severing the jugular vein, and causing almost instant death. The paper says the shrieks of the unfortunate woman could be heard for streets when she realised the nature of the disaster." She: "No wonder. I daresay the broken cup belonged to her new china set."

### An Ideal Woman.

"I know a woman who spends her mornings thinking out recipes that produce the most ravishing dishes from the simplest ingredients, which would otherwise be thrown away; her afternoons making easy-chairs and picturesque nooks out of cretonne, biscuit boxes, and beer barrels; and her evenings making inexpensive but entrancing costumes after hints in the papers. She is never worried or flurried, and her face always wears a smile." "Ah, where does this ideal being live?" "In the ladies' papers."

### Didn't Appreciate Music.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She is so good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet." "Yes," was the calm reply, "but I'd rather hear the baby cry!"

### She Didn't Like Cornets.

Jack (to his *fiancée*): "I think of getting a musical instrument, Maud. Say, perhaps a cornet." Maud (in dismay): "Oh, no; not that horrid thing." Jack (in surprise): "And why not, dearest?" Maud (blushing violently): "It makes the lips so hard."

### An Irish Experience.

An officer quartered in Dublin was greatly annoyed at his boots being brought to him each morning, by his Irish servant, carefully laced to the top and neatly tied. At last he lost all patience and asked him "what he meant by persistently lacing his boots up every morning before he brought them to him." The man looked astonished and replied, "Shure, sir, I thought I'd save yer honour the trouble of lacing the same."

## Result of "Brain Gymnasium," Nos. 55 to 60.

The prize of £1 1s. has been awarded to Mr. J. E. Priestley, of the Grammar School, Tewkesbury.

A book has been forwarded to:

M. Smith, 18 Barlby Road, Selby; W. O. Hemming, Colet House, Rhyl; R. T. M. Radcliff, Colet House, Rhyl; J. M. Child, 17 Clarence Road, Derby; F. G. Homer, Richmond Villa, Auderton Park Road, Moseley, near Birmingham; Mrs. E. Davis, 4 Castle Street, Barnstaple; Miss A. Munro, The Range, Hightown, Liverpool; D. G. Jelly, 3 Cantwell Road, Plumstead; W. J. Webster, 3 Alford Road, Union Grove, Clapham; F. H. Turner, "Belmont," Addison Road, Upper Caterham.

### SOLUTIONS.

55. Grenade, grandee, angered, derange, enraged.

56. PSORA
SOLAR
OLIVE
RAVEN
ARENA

57. Procrastination is the thief of time.

58. A clear, steady blue flame burnt in a golden lamp hanging from the invisible ceiling above her head. At either end of the altar stood a priest in splendid vestments, masked by a veil of white linen suspended from his shaven brows, with two eye-holes edged with black.

59. PLAINTIFF.

60.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D | WAL | E |
| U | LE | X |
| R | EPROBAT | E |
| H | ALIBU | T |
| A | PPL | E |
| M | INISTE | R |

# IN CONFIDENCE.

- - Conducted by MADGE MORRIS. - -

[*I shall be glad to answer, to the best of my ability, any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to me personally, c/o the Editor of* SHORT STORIES.]

***Pity a Poor Adonis!***

ARE good-looking men less fortunate in love than others? A correspondent, "G. E. W." has found it so, for, in spite of his known personal attractions, he finds more than one lady has trifled with him in the grossest way. Well, I think a good-looking man who is aware of the fact, is rarely popular with women. When a man is vain his vanity leads him to suppose all the girls must of necessity be attracted towards him. Therefore he seldom finds himself paying them the necessary attentions, and as a result often gets left in the cold where far less attractive men have succeeded.

❦❦❦

Of course, I don't know whether my correspondent is such a man, but fear there are not many exceptions. Women admire good-looking men, but always suspect them of insincerity. They think that a handsome man must be a flirt, knowing the power he can exercise over the sex if he choose; and when one appears on the scene a woman is always inclined to be on her guard. One of the handsomest men of my acquaintance told me quite the same thing some time ago. He knew of his own attractions, but seldom found women drawn towards him.

❦❦❦

I told him what I thought the reason, and perhaps the same will apply to "G. E. W." He was too vain, and even when agreeable to a woman gave an impression of coldness and insincerity, which led them to think of him as "impossible." Consequently, when the crucial moment came, he found to his surprise that someone else had stepped in and ousted him. In successful love-making, the rule of good looks must vary with the sex. A woman who is pretty should know it and live up to it. A man who is handsome should forget it, and be himself.

❦❦❦

***When Jack's Afloat.***

"ENA" is very fond of a man who is continually abroad. Would it be very wrong of her to flirt in his absence, if she felt inclined to? Yes, "Ena," I think it would be very wrong, even, if you are quite, quite sure that you really love the man who is abroad. But I think many travelling men make a great mistake in expecting their sweethearts to lead recluse lives simply because they are not near. It isn't fair. A girl should enjoy the company of other men, and it would not be a breach of faith, in my opinion, towards their real lover. It would rather tend to keep your faculties well in play against his return, and would be much better than prolonged periods of moping. But don't flirt.

❦❦❦

The absentee lover causes a lot of heart-burnings. Here is "DOWN-HEARTED ONE," who was very fond of a sailor. But when he came back he did not go and see her, and on her writing to ask the reason, he replied he had been told she was married, and had destroyed all her letters and photos. This seems to be only a little misunderstanding. Wait till you get the reply to your letter. He will probably take the earliest opportunity to come and make amends, if he really loves you.

❦❦❦

***Loyalty to First Loves—***

THE idea that love comes but once a lifetime, and that there is no "second edition" of it, is very general, and its victims include "MIRIAM" (Hartlepool), whose first love has been dead some time, but she has since met another man of whom she is very fond. At the same time, she has an idea that it is her duty to be loyal to the dead lover.

❦❦❦

Well, that is a very lofty and beautiful sentiment, "MIRIAM," and far be it from me to wish to disturb it. If you really felt that no other man in the world was possible for you but the deceased, perhaps you would be right in not marrying another. But you say you are very fond of this other man. Well, if that is so, do not let any imaginary sentiment for the dead prevent your making him and yourself happy. It is possibly only fancy on your part that you do not really love him.

❦❦❦

***—And to Calf Love.***

SHOULD a youth of nineteen, who is fond of a girl but will not be in a position to marry for years, become engaged, or wait? This troubles "CALF'S LOVE." I advise him not to get engaged. It is a mistake for two very young people to tie themselves down before either really knows their own mind. If you are really fond of each other, you will be able to wait a year or so, until at any rate "CALF'S LOVE" has some idea of his prospects, when he will be right in making his proposal.

❦❦❦

***The Girl Away from Home.***

"E. L." tells me that she is eighteen years of age, is away from home in a good situation, and living with a married brother. She wants to know whether it would be right for her parents to force her to go back home so long as she is doing better where she is. This is not a very easy question to answer, "E. L.," because you have told me so little.

❦❦❦

It depends so much upon what claim your parents have on you. If they were ill, or could for any reason not well spare you, it would, of course, be your duty to return to them. But, on the other hand, if their wish to have you is purely a selfish one, I should say, stay where you are by all means.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C., and published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

# "NO BETTER FOOD."

*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.*

**Fry's** **PURE CONCENTRATED**

**300 Gold Medals, &c.** **Cocoa**

**Half a tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a cup of most delicious Cocoa.**

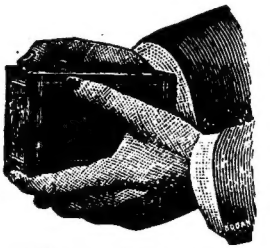
Digitized by Google

# FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

## A KODAK FOR 5s.

THE NO. 1

# BROWNIE.

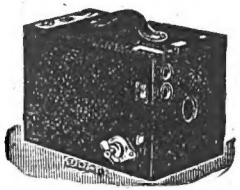


THE No. 1 BROWNIE.

**Gives Pictures 2¼ by 2¼ inches.**

Despite its small size and low price the No. 1 Brownie is a thoroughly efficient little camera, and yields photographs as clear and distinct as possible. No dark-room is needed for changing the films. In use the Brownie Kodak is simplicity itself.

## THE NEW BROWNIE KODAK.



THE No. 2 BROWNIE.

THE NO. 2

# BROWNIE.

**Gives Pictures 3¼ by 2¼ inches.**

**MARVELLOUS VALUE.** **PRICE 10/- ONLY.**

Finders for vertical and horizontal pictures. Everset time and instantaneous shutter. New and convenient spool-holding devices. Improved non-detachable winding key. Loaded and unloaded in daylight.

**Ask for the Kodak Catalogue of all Photographic Dealers or of**

## KODAK Ltd., 43 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

*Wholesale and Retail Branches:* 96 Bold Street, Liverpool; 72-74 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

*Retail Branches:* 59 Brompton Road, London, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, London, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, London, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, London, W.; 40 West Strand, London, W.C.